THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

George R. Graham & Co. Publishers.
S. W. CORNER OF THIRD AND CHESNUT STREETS.

Terms. Two Dollars Per Annum, Cash.
THREE DOLLARS IF NOT PAID IN ADVANCE.

A Family Newspaper: Neutral in Politics: Devoted to News, Literature, Science, Morality, Agriculture, and Amusement.

VOLUME XXI. PHILADELPHIA, AUGUST 14, 1841. WHOLE NO. 1046.

Original Poetry.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

Stanzas, To Gertrude.

BY EDWARD YOUNG.

Tell her although there was a time,
Her tone however light,
Would soothe my spirit, like the chime
Of angels' harps at night;
Yet tell her that the time is past,
When words avail with me,
My waking hour hath come at last
And I again am free.

I've gazed enraptured on her face
With feelings as divine
As those with which a saint might trace,
Some holy relic's shrine,
And when her fingers swept the strings,
(Methinks I hear them now,)
I've stood as mute, as if the wings
Of angels fanned my brow.

Tell her, for her, I would have died,
My passion to have proved,
Turned fortune, friends and fame aside —
Aye, tell her that I *loved*.
But tell her though the love I felt,
Was passionate and blind,
'Twas not at beauty's shrine I knelt,
But at the shrine of mind.

But since I've found 'twas all a dream,
'A coinage of the brain,'
A passing sound, a meteor gleam
I may not see again,
I'll place the thing my fancy drew,
My spirit's shrine upon,
An altar where my heart shall bow
And breathe its orison.

Southport, R. I.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

Sonnets.

BY EDWARD J. PORTER.

I.

To a Lady.

The glow of youth is on that lovely brow,
Its springtide in thy bright blue eye is keeping
Joy's festival,—its earliest roses blow
Upon that damask cheek, while softly sweeping
Aside the dark brown curls, that graceful flow
Over a neck fair as the unsullied snow,
Fraught with the fragrance Spring's young flowers are weeping,
Deep revels zephyr's mildest, balmiest breath.
Each languid sense with perfume sweet regaling,
And care beneath oblivion's lake seems sleeping,
While memory steers her silent bark where death
And blighted hopes 'mid ruin still are sailing,
Where Love his plighted vow, and withered wreath,
And broken bow and shafts is deeply wailing.

II.

To Misfortune.

Thy frowns I heed not, howsoever dark
They lower upon that gloomy brow of thine,
Whereon a smile was never known to shine,
Save when, with raptured bosom, thou would'st mark
The dread destruction of life's shattered bark,
O'erwhelmed by thee, misfortune in the brine
Of Life's tempestuous sea;—you loudly join
In the triumphal song, when the last spark
Of Hope has fled, long lingering ere she takes
Her farewell glance, and with a piercing shriek—
That thrills the heart and bloodless leaves the cheek,
The writhing horrors of despair awakes;
Yet, though on me thy frowns in coldness fall,
I've steel'd my heart to brave and scorn them all.

Sonnet—To M—— S——.

BY HENRY B. HIRST.

Birds sing of beauty in the blushing rose,
But, they, who prize it, brighter tints might seek,
In the rich tinge upon Thy vermeil cheek,
That, like the blush of morning freshly glows—
They praise the loveliness of azure skies,
But never had they seen the liquid blue,
Pure and transparent as the vi'lets hue,
Streaming in light from out those dreamy eyes—
They picture grace as in the light Gazelle,
But, had they seen Thee, like the agile fawn
With steps as airy as the sylphid dawn
And felt the magic of Thy beauty's spell,
How soon would they have bent to worship Thee!
Could they have felt the power—as Thine o'er me.

Philada. July, 27th 1841.

The Seminole's Welcome.

BY ALEX. A. IRVINE.

Hark! low in the hammock the trampling of men,
The bay of the bloodhound—again and again!
The dropping of death-shots now quick and then slow,
And wilder and nearer the shouts of the foe!

Back!—back to your coverts,—lo! down the ravine,
Their banners are flashing half hid through the green;
Though their numbers are more than the leaves of the vale
We'll sweep them before us, like leaves in a gale.

They see us—they halt—with a shout they are here,
Oh! where is the craven that trembles with fear?
With our hammocks arounds us the word we'll defy—
They've sought us, they've found us—but only to die.

Like a storm from the mountains they sweep to the fight,
Like a cliff in the valley we'll shiver their might,—
The green turf beneath was our forefathers' sod,
We'll strike for their graves, for our homes, and our God!

Let the foeman come on,—we shall turn not, nor flee,—
We will conquer or perish, and perish still free,—
Though our homes may be theirs, they shall carve on our graves,
'Too few to be freemen, too proud to be slaves.'

Original Tales.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

The Minister's Daughter.

"Leaves have their time to fall,
And flowers to wither at the north wind's breath—
And stars to set—but all—
Thou hast all seasons for thine own, Oh! Death."
MRS. HEMANS.

And seems her cheek, whose bloom is fled
So beautiful and brief,
As if the white rose there had shed
Its frail and fallen leaf;
Which summer's genial sun and rain
Shall never wake to life again." ANON.

It was a lovely evening in autumn, and the last rays of the setting sun were deepening the shadows upon the landscape, when a solitary traveller was seen wending his way down the road which led into the beautiful little village of Elmslie. On the right of the road lay the village church, embosomed in trees: adjoining it was the parsonage, over whose entrance the jessamine and woodbine clambered, clustering and beautiful: a neat and well arranged garden surrounded it, which bespoke the taste of its fair mistress, Harriet Loring, the minister's daughter.

The traveller reined up his horse opposite the parsonage: the door opened, and the pastor issued from it. Recognising in the toil-worn and weary stranger the features of an old acquaintance, he welcomed him cordially, and together they entered the house.

William Elliott and Harriet Loring had been children together:—together they had roamed among the meadows to chase the gaudy butterfly, or gather the early flowers of spring time; and together they had wandered by the margin of the river which skirted the village, to gaze upon the glorious stars which were mirrored on its calm and peaceful bosom at even. Happy and innocent they had grown to maturity, and it was not until the hour for parting came, that they discovered how insensibly dear they had grown to each other.

Indeed none could know Harriet Loring without loving her. Methinks I see her graceful figure now, arrayed in simple white, with the dark brown hair smoothly parted from off her high and expanded forehead, and falling in a rich profusion of curls down her well-formed neck:—her dark hazel eyes beaming with intelligence:—her dimpled cheek whose tint might shame the color of the budding rose:—the play of humor about her expressive mouth, and her whole face radiant with smiles. Oh! could you but have listened to the music of her voice, rivalling the soft breathings of the Æolian harp in its clear and silvery sweetness. She was the very impersonation of innocence and joy! And William Elliott was worthy of her love. Proud, noble, and generous, he loved her with true singleness of heart, and willingly would he have laid down his life for her sake.

It was necessary for William Elliott that he should seek his fortune in a distant city. On the morning of his departure he had received his parents' blessing, and stopped at the parsonage to bid his betrothed farewell. The calmness of Harriet surprised him, for his own little stock of philosophy soon gave way. After exchanging mutual vows of love and constancy they parted. But it required all the fortitude of Harriet to bear up at parting. She had secret misgivings that, amid the pleasures and dissipations of a large city, he would forget the simple country girl; and then her heart would chide her for harboring a doubt of her William. She did not know that the heart that loves truly "can never love but one."

Years had rolled by and brought with them many changes. Harriet Loring had been stricken with the scourge of her family—Consumption. With inexpressible grief her fond parent had beheld the first symptoms of the fatal disease. She fancied that she had taken a slight cold, but the anxious eye of her parent discerned in the hollow cough and hectic flush, the first approaches of the insidious foe. Though her cheek had lost its bloom and her form its roundness, yet she was still beautiful:—for her fine forehead was white as alabaster, and her dark eye shone with more than its wonted brilliancy.—And she was so mild and uncomplaining too; in all her agony, a murmur never escaped her lips. It seemed as if her soul was being fitted on earth for the companionship of Heaven.

The traveller who had entered the parsonage was William Elliott. Ten long, long years had passed since he had last crossed its threshold. He was shocked when he beheld the object of his love; and when she extended her thin, wan hand to welcome him, he could withstand no longer, but burst into tears. She told him how happy she was that he had come, for that she feared he would have delayed until the green earth had closed over her.

He stammered out a hope that she might recover, and that all yet would be well.

"Ah! William," said she, "do not attempt to deceive me, for I know too well that my poor frail body is fast wasting away. I know that before the flowers will bloom again, I shall be laid in the silent tomb: that they will bloom above my grave." He could not answer her.

The minister entered the room and they all knelt in prayer. The good old man blessed the Lord that he had seen good to afflict them: that if it was consistent with his divine will, his child might yet be spared to him; but that if otherwise ordered, they might bow with humble resignation to the Divine decree: that He would make her bed easy for her: that she might gently sink to rest pillowed in the arms of her Redeemer. The old man's feelings choked his utterance, and the almost inaudible sobs of his daughter mingled with his own, and alone broke upon the solemn stillness of the scene.

She henceforth gradually declined, and in a few short weeks we were called upon to convey the mortal remains of Harriet Loring to their last long home.

Philosophers may scoff at Death as they will, but it is a fearful thing to pass through the dark valley. There is an involuntary shrinking from the shroud, the pall, the bier. And doubly mournful is it, when the young and beautiful are called away, even while they are dreaming over bright visions of the future: before the cares and perplexities of the world have began to thicken around them, or yet they have tasted of "life's dark, bitter stream."

The shades of evening were gathering around as we lowered the body into the grave. It was autumn, and the scene was in unison with our feelings. The north-wind was stripping the trees of their foliage, and the ground was strewed with the dried and withered leaves, which had so lately budded forth in glorious beauty. It seemed as if Nature, like the Hindoo widow, had put on her most beautiful garments for her burial. And as we took our last look into the grave, we knew that it was but the soul-less clod we had laid there: we knew that it should burst the cerements of the tomb, and wake to a life that would not fade, to rest forever in the bosom of its God.

To the old man all earthly ties were now broken. His child had been the living resemblance of her sainted mother, and he had suffered his love for her to nestle in his bosom, so that when the ruthless hand of the spoiler had torn it thence, it seemed as if an idol had been cut from his heart. He regarded with apathy the affectionate sympathies of his flock, and seemed to long for his spirit to be released, that he might "fly away and be at rest." On the following Sabbath he preached from that eloquent passage in Job, "All the days of mine appointed time will I wait until my change come."

Ere the frosts of another winter, the old man had rejoined his daughter. Side by side they were laid. William Elliott caused a simple white monument to be erected over their resting place, having inscribed on it her last words to him, "Tho' lost on earth, our union shall be eternal."

William Elliot once more plunged into the world, and is now an old man; but he has never married. Often does he visit the holy and quiet spot where those he loved were laid, and bitterly does he weep over the remains of all that he once so fondly cherished. He fancies that the faint whispering of the evening breeze is the voice of *her* guardian spirit, inviting him to join them in that better land, "where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest." W.

Philadelphia.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

Charity,
Or the Reversed in Fortune.

BY WILLIAM BUTLER.

"Do ye unto others as ye would that others should do unto you."
——Turn ye not away the poor.
Nor shield yourselves with false pretensions.

It was early in the evening, as Mrs. Saunders, sat in her parlor, surrounded by all the pomp and ostentation which wealth could procure, or luxury and fashion suggest. Suddenly a knock was heard at the front door; a servant answered the call, and in a few minutes ushered into the presence of Mrs. Saunders a young girl, whose appearance betokened distress. Her attire, though clean, and well arranged, told of poverty, her eyes were swollen with grief, and the tears had scarce dried upon her cheek, while a melancholy overspread her countenance which spoke the anguish of her heart. On first entering, the thought of her errand overcame her, (for she was no common beggar,) and for a moment she was unable to make known her wants.

"Madam," said the poor girl, but she could not proceed.

"Be quick, child. What is your business with me? Why do you hesitate?" said Mrs. Saunders in a voice rather harsh for the delicate feelings of the poor girl whom she addressed.

"Madam," resumed the poor girl, "we are in extreme want, and I have come to ask assistance. Father and mother are down with the fever, and there is nothing for them nor my poor little brothers and sisters to eat," and she burst into tears.

Mrs. Saunders looked at her for a moment as if somewhat subdued by her words; but then turning away with a half scornful smile, she said,

"Oh! is that all? Well I never encourage beggars; there is a way for all to get along through the world. The more we give to such people the more we may give, and what proof have we of the poverty about which we hear so much complaint? If I were certain that there is real need I might be induced to give, but I will not encourage indolence," and with her last words she beckoned the servant to show the girl the door; this, however, she might have saved herself the trouble of doing, for her words had caused the poor girl's heart to sink within her, and put a seal, as it were, upon her lips.

My readers will doubtless condemn Mrs. Saunders, and probably in pretty strong terms. But be not hasty. Is she not like one half the world? Has she not done just as many others would do; as some of you perhaps would do under similar circumstances? Too many of us, I fear, are in the habit of censuring others for doing that which we condemn by *profession*, but *teach by example*. Some allowance, however, is to be made for the manner in which Mrs. Saunders had been educated. She had never known want, and was therefore unable to appreciate the sufferings of the poor. She was taught to believe that all the stories which she had heard of poverty and distress were idle fabrications—that indolence in short was the origin of all poverty, and they who suffered from it unworthy of assistance.

Soon after the beggar girl had departed Mr. Saunders came in.

"Well, Julia," said he, as he closed the door after him, "I have brought you Bulwer's last novel."

"O, that is very kind, Charles; and now won't you read to me this evening?" said Julia as she adjusted the lamp and drew her chair toward that of Charles.

"Certainly, my dear, if such be your wish," said Charles with a smile, and so saying he commenced.

Charles had not read but a few chapters before Julia's pretty face was turned to crimson, and the tears trickled down her burning cheeks. He laid aside the volume, and drawing his young wife to his bosom, and brushing away the dark curls which hung round her brow, he imprinted in their stead a fervent kiss.

"If you had seen the *real* distress," said Charles, "which I have seen this evening, dear Julia, you would not thus weep over such *fiction*. But," he continued, "tell me who was the little girl I saw leaving the door, as I came up the street?"

"It was some beggar girl," said Julia, "she came with a pitiful story, but you know we cannot believe these people."

"But, dear Julia," said Charles, assuming a more grave tone, "I had much rather you had given her something; her story *may* be correct, and it is just as possible that it is so, as otherwise; and then, if you had assisted her, if her story *should* prove incorrect, you would have acted with a good intent, and your conduct would be just as praiseworthy as if her story should be true. Then too," he continued, "your mind would be clear of doubt; and if this *fiction* thus awakens your sympathies, what would be your feelings to know that this poor girl is now really suffering?"

"Indeed, Charles, I fear I have done wrong," said Julia, drying the tears from her eyes. "It would certainly be a great satisfaction to me now, if I had assisted the poor girl. But what was it you saw this evening?"

"I will tell you," said Charles. "As I was passing a house in a back street, I thought I heard something inside, which seemed much like the groans of a person in distress—mingled with it were the cries of a child. I passed the house," he continued, "but it seemed as if there was a something told me to go back, and I felt unwilling to proceed further until I had learned the cause of those symptoms of distress which I had heard. I therefore returned, knocked at the door,—and a feeble voice bade me come in. My heart was sickened with what I there saw and heard. A man, apparently about thirty years of age, lay in bed of the fever, on one side of the room, scarce able to raise a hand; while on a bed on the other side of the room, lay his wife, the mother of three or four little children, in a worse condition, if possible, than himself. The children were crying,—and the least one was trying to clamber up the side of the bed to get a look at its mother; the tears gushed from my eyes as I beheld the dear little babe thus struggling, and its anxious mother unable to assist it. They told me they had a child who attend on them, but who was out at the time; and that they had been in the condition in which I found them for several weeks, and were destitute of even the necessaries of life. I was shocked at their condition, and I immediately drew my purse from my pocket and placed it in the man's trembling hand, that they might procure whatever should be necessary to their comfort. He thanked me;—his words were unable to express his feelings, but I read in his eyes, the emotions of his heart. The two children who were old enough to know what it meant, turned their sweet little faces, with their eyes sparkling with joy, up to mine, and thanking me from the bottom of their hearts, kissed my hands, and the mother called down upon me the blessings of God. The sick man asked my name,—and when he had learned it, prayed that he might see the day when he could confer as great a favor on me."

"Truly, that was distress; how fortunate that you returned and went into the house; these poor beings might have died of starvation," said Julia, not thinking of the "poor being" which she had but a short time previous dismissed with contempt.

"Indeed it was fortunate I went in; and it affords me more real pleasure now to be conscious of having done this act, when I think of the joy it gave those people, than it would to possess all the wealth of Crœsus."

* * * * * *

Several years had passed since the evening on which Mr. Saunders had placed the purse of gold in the hand of Thomas Cornwall, the head of the then suffering family; and time it appeared had, in a great degree, reversed the fortunes of both. Cornwall had received a large legacy from a relative in a foreign land, and entering into business, and fortune smiling upon him, he became very wealthy, though he never forgot the kind hearted man who visited his house when disease had prostrated his family, and starvation seemed about to hurry them into eternity. He had learned the name of his preserver, but not thinking to ask for his residence, was unable to find any trace of him.

I have said the fortunes of both were reversed, in a great measure, and so they were.—Saunders had gone too deeply into business—had speculated too largely; and by a pressure in the money market, and various losses, he was reduced almost to poverty. His name soon appeared in the insolvent list in the newspapers. Cornwall saw it, and having learned his residence, resolved to visit him immediately. Accordingly the next day Mr. Cornwall went to his house; he was surprised to find it closed; he approached the door and rang the bell; a servant admitted him, and when he asked for Mr. Saunders, he was told that that individual was very ill. He requested to be conducted to his bed, which was granted. Saunders was in the last stage of his disease. Cornwall approached the bed and took him by the hand. The visitor was recognized; and for a moment neither spoke; Mr. Saunders at length broke silence by saying, "now it is me that is stricken down."

"What is there that I can do for you," said Cornwall, grasping the hand of his dying friend. "I am wealthy now, and will spend the last cent of my fortune if it can aid you."

"Ah! my friend," said Mr. Saunders, "my days of comfort are over; a little longer and I shall want no more of this world's blessings; I know it—I feel it too plainly to be mistaken. I have but one favor to ask, if it be granted, I will die in peace. We came here from a distant country, and our friends and relations are there. I am now poor and my wife will be destitute;—will you be a friend to her and my sweet child when I am no more?"

"Oh! fear not for them;—they shall share my fortune with me, and I will suffer rather than they shall know want," said Cornwall, as the tears rolled down his cheek; and there was an earnestness in his expression which left no doubt on the mind of the dying man.

Cornwall resolved to stay by his bed-side and administer to his wants so long as he needed assistance; but this was not long. A few hours swept by, and Charles Saunders was no more. And none mourned more deeply than Cornwall; not even his wife, who was now left destitute of a home—of every thing, save a husband's friend. To Cornwall however, it was some consolation to know that he had arrived in time to calm the closing hours of his friend, and administer peace and happiness to the departing soul.

After the funeral obsequies were over, and Mrs. Saunders somewhat revived from the shock which she had received by the death of her husband, Mr. Cornwall entreated her to take up her residence in his family, that he might be near to attend to her wants. She at first hesitated—her mind revolted at the idea of being dependent on another for her subsistence. But what could she do? She was poor in every variety of the term, and besides, was in delicate health; and when she thought of her sweet boy and the sufferings he must undergo if she refused this kind man's assistance, she readily accepted his offer. And with a heavy heart she bade adieu to that stately mansion which she had but a few years previous, entered as the newly married wife of one of the wealthiest merchants in the city.

With one more scene our story closes. Mrs. Saunders was seated in the parlor of Mr. Cornwall's dwelling, when Miss Sarah Cornwall entered to welcome the new member of their family. With a full heart she extended the hand of friendship and protection to the unfortunate widow, who, she observed on first entering, started back, as if something unpleasant had occurred to her mind; and attributing it to her reversed situation, the tears started to the eyes of Miss Cornwall, as she said "be not unhappy—we can appreciate your condition,—we were once the most destitute of beings,—be not discouraged, we are the friends of the unfortunate, and you shall never know what it is to want, while we have any thing to give."

It is true, Mrs. Saunders was almost overcome at the appearance of Miss Cornwall; but it was not for the remembrance of their lost wealth. She recognized in the daughter of her protector, the *poor beggar girl* whom she had spurned from her door; and it was the thought of her conduct, when contrasted with that of the "*beggar girl*," that caused the involuntary shudder. She was now the suppliant, and she remembered her former ideas of poverty and her treatment of the poor.

Mrs. Saunders truly repented. She never again wished for wealth, but that she might assist the needy; she would have passed the remainder of her days in happiness, and died in peace, had she but remembered, in her times of prosperity, that surest of all guides, "Do ye unto others as ye would that others should do unto you."

Chester County, Pa.

Lines

TO A GREEK GIRL, MET IN THE ISLAND OF METELIN.

What spirit of the dell is here,
That, as the sunset lights decay,
Alone, but without sign or fear,
Trips past me, like a woodland fay
Till, stopping as she spies me, see!
With looks that more of mirth express
Than bashfulness, yet gently free,
She gazes mute and motionless.

The summer sun has touched her brow
And brightly sparkles in her eye,
But lets the snow, that lurks below
Her dimpled cheek, unmelted lie
And smooth, as pebble of the rill,
The forehead by her dark locks twined,
Light, sportive ringlets, ready still
To dance when piped to by the wind.

A spirit of the wood or stream,
A thing of airy substance wrought,
She seems—the creature of a dream,
Whose image haunts the waking thought
A moment, as the stars of night
Whose gleam the streaks of twilight sever,
Beam faintly, greets my startled sight—
"A moment seen, then gone forever!"

From the Lady's Cabinet Magazine.

A Legend of a Log Cabin.

BY J. MILTON SANDERS, AUTHOR OF "THE MIAMI VALLEY," ETC.

"Yet alas! the hour is brief,
Left for either joy or grief,
All on earth that we inherit
From the hands of the Great Spirit,
Wigwam, hill, plain, lake, and field,
To the white man must we yield;
For like sun set on the waves,
We are sinking to our graves!"

"There has come a mighty change," said the hunter, "over the face of this country since the time I first emigrated here. The spots where your prettiest towns stand, were then a howling wilderness. Instead of the tinkling of the cow bells, and the merry cry of the farmer-boy, as he calls his herd to the field, might be heard the wild cry of the panther, the dismal howl of the wolf, and the equally appalling yell of the aborigines. Those were 'times to try men's souls!' There were none of your effeminate creatures around us, such as you have in your towns at the present day, but stout hearts and stalwart frames then carried the palm. What cared people then for fashions? It was the heart of oak and the sinews of iron which commanded respect; it was him who could wield the hatchet with the utmost vigor, or who could drive with a bullet the centre of a target at a distance of one hundred yards, who merited the praise of brave men, and the bright glance of pretty women! But how this age has degenerated! effeminacy appears to be a virtue, and worthlessness the height of fashion. In our day, that girl who permitted the sun to steal a march upon her, was considered worthless. What need had our young women of *rouge*, and all the other cosmetics which are now used to heighten the complexion? The early morning air, and the genial rays of the sun, colored their cheeks of a carmine glow. The exercise they underwent in preparing the meals, and in keeping the house in order, invigorated their frames, expanded their muscles, and added that robustness, which in those times rendered our women proverbial for longevity. And what a disparity there is between the men of the days of old, and the present! Then we had *men*; now they have degenerated till we behold a race in every way our inferior; but this must be attributed to circumstances alone, for man at birth is always the same. The present conventional laws enervate the physical faculties, and render you fit for nought. Instead of arising before the sun, and expanding your muscles by some healthful exercise—by inhaling the pure and electrical air of the early morning, you pass away the best portion of the day in total unconsciousness; your lungs inhaling the same air; your frame, when it should be in exertion, lying passive; and your mind, which should be awakened to renewed life, by the freshness of the morning scenery, lying still, exertionless and useless. Let me describe to you some scenes in which *men* were the actors. Scenes which called forth all the energy of man's nature, and in the depths of this western wilderness, made a thousand Alexanders and Cæsars, who have never been heard of. At the time I emigrated to Ohio, the deadly hatred of the white and the red man had reached its acme. The rifle, the tomahawk, and the scalping knife were energetically at work; and men, women, and children daily fell victims to this sanguine spirit. The devouring flames daily wrapped the naked forms of the Indian prisoners, and the unerring aim of the white man as often brought upon the earth the dying form of the red man, weltering in his blood. Revenge, deep insatiable revenge, swelled the breasts of the red and white foes, and nothing but blood could satiate their unnatural thirst. In this state I found things when I reached the small village opposite the mouth of Licking river, and now the great city of Cincinnati. What a change has come over this western wilderness! Truly is there a God watching over the welfare of man; and beneath the touch of whose wand—like that of the fabled genii—flowers and jewels spring up, and scatter their influence around! Here, in this great temple of nature, man has taken up his abode, and all which he could wish, responds to his touch; the fields and the meadows yield their produce; and, unmolested by the redman, whose soil he has usurped, he enjoys the bounties of a beneficent Creator. And where is the red man? That monarch of the forest, who strode these grounds, and gazing around could exclaim,

'I am monarch of all I survey.'

Where is he? like wax before the flame he has melted away from before the white man, leaving us no legacy, save his bones and that courageous daring which will live in song, long after their last remnant shall have passed away. At the time when I first stepped upon your western grounds, the red men still grasped the sceptre, which has since been wrenched from their hand. They saw the throne of their fathers beginning to totter, and their graves defiled; their children execrated, and that their realm had attracted the cupidity of a race of strangers; and with maddening despair they grasped their falling power, and daily grew more desperate as they became more endangered. I, among the rest, had now a glimpse of this exuberant west—this great valley of the Hesperides, whose prolific bosom I foresaw was to yield food to its millions of children; and, with the cupidity of *our* nature, I determined to assist in extirpating the red man, and to usurp the land of his fathers. Men in those days were wanted. The host of speculators had not yet dared to place their feet upon the soil, for they never venture till danger is past; but the town contained its contingency of brave spirits, who were, generally, like the fishes which precede the sharks, and then get nothing for their trouble. Among the men who were then at the village, I found one who, for magnanimity and undaunted courage, merits a wreath which should hang high in the temple of fame; but, like a thousand kindred spirits, he has passed away 'unhonored, unsung'—his deeds, which would have immortalized a Grecian hero, are unknown, or, recounted by a few remnants of the olden time, like myself. His name was *Ralph Watts*, a sturdy Virginian, with a heart surpassing all which had been said of Virginia's sons in those qualities which ennoble the man; and possessing a courage indomitable, and a frame in every way able to fulfil what his daring spirit suggested—such was Ralph Watts. At our rural pancratium matches Ralph stood first. When the game of target shooting was going forward, then could Ralph's rifle be heard, and, invariably with each crack, a shout proclaimed his victory; and then would follow the orgies, where again Ralph was the head and front, the 'observed of all observers,' the soul of the company, 'who was wont to keep the table in a roar.' During an Indian brush, there could be heard the stentorian voice of Ralph, cheering his comrades, while his rifle* could be heard in quick succession, dealing death among the foe, and causing consternation by its unerring trueness. I had not been in the town but a few days, when Ralph and I contracted an intimacy which ended only with his death. I was passing the small inn of the town, when a tall man, with a hunting shirt and leggins on, stepped out, and laying his hand on my shoulder, he said, 'stranger, they say you have just come among us, and that you are poor; come along with me; I have got just five dollars, let us spend it; eat, drink, and be merry—no man shall say that Ralph Watts passed a moneyless man without sharing with him the contents of his pocket—come along.' There was something so benevolent in the stranger's looks, such an appearance of magnanimity and bravery combined in the man, that I felt my heart yearn toward him. I grasped his extended palm, and burst into tears. And why, you will ask, this sudden ebullition of feeling? It was the man's kindness. I had been a *poor* man all the days of my existence; I had been unfortunate, and there had been a conjunction of evil stars very lately, which had quite unmanned me; and then, in the wilderness, to meet a fellow being who at once extended the hand of welcome and friendship, unnerved me. Ralph and I soon became inseparable friends; his joys were mine, and his sorrows were mine; in a word, we shared each other's sympathies, and this leads me to the scene of the log cabin. We had had several hunts together, and while on the last expedition, we had both sworn to an eternal friendship which should end only with death—and how soon was it to end. We left the infant Cincinnati one summer morning at the rising of the sun, and with our guns on our shoulders, and our pouches well supplied with ammunition, we struck into the deep wilderness, trusting alone to our own stout hearts and woodscraft for our food and our safety. We journied merrily along, whiling away the hours in recounting to each other those trivial incidents of our lives which might be interesting; or in singing some rude ditty and in listening to the solemn echo, as it reverberated among the tall oaks of the wilderness. The deer skipped around us, little dreaming of harm; and several young bears ran about our feet, nearly tripping us up in their awkward gambols; but we harmed them not, but left them to grow larger, that they might serve when *necessity* induced us to shoot them. Toward evening we reached our first camping ground—a spot near where the town of Sharon now stands. Here we pitched our tent, built our fire, cooked our suppers, and prepared to pass away the evening as comfortably as two hunters possibly could. As hunters generally do, we commenced relating our various adventures through life, when the deep stillness which reigned around us was broken by a low cry, similar to that of a panther. We both ceased speaking, and listened attentively, when the cry was repeated still nearer, as if the arrival was rapidly advancing upon us; and thus the cry was repeated again and again, until its shrillness appeared not more than one hundred yards off, when the voice changed to that of a yell, whose tones were so familiar to the ear of my companion as to exert quite a visible effect upon his actions. We both sprang to our feet, and seizing our guns, we cocked the triggers, and stood ready to fire at a moment's warning. 'Hello!' cried a deep voice just outside the camp, but instead of answering it, we nerved ourselves for a desperate encounter, feeling assured that several Indians were outside with rifles, like us, ready to fire. 'Hello, white brodder, come out,' cried the same voice in broken English. We consulted a moment, and finally concluded to trust ourselves to Indian faith—a very precarious faith by the way. Ralph thrust his head out and demanded, in no very amiable voice, 'what was wanting?' 'Come out, white brodder,' was the answer. Assuring himself that there was but one person there, we walked out, and found a large Indian sitting by the fire, with both hands spread before the flame to protect his eyes from the light, that their keen gaze might be centred, unmolested, upon us. As soon as he saw us, a writhing grin spread over his painted features, and arising, he held out his hands, which we grasped, and a very affectionate shake followed, but during these very friendly greetings, an observer might have noticed that his eyes rolled about in such a manner as to induce him to believe that this affectionate greeting was more external than internal, with both parties. The Indian drew from his belt a large pipe, gaudily painted, and from which depended a profusion of wampum, beads, and eagles' feathers. He lighted the pipe, and taking a whiff, he passed it to Ralph, who followed his example, and passed it to me. After taking a puff, I handed it to the Indian, who placed it in his belt. This very important preliminary being finished, the Indian opened his business. After bestowing a thousand anathemas upon his red brethren—during which time his features worked into a thousand demoniacal expressions—he informed us that he had left the red man for ever, and that he was now willing to join his white brothers, and to wage an exterminating war against his own kindred. We strived to extort from him the cause of his ebullition of passion, but he only shook his head with each question, and grunted a guttural 'ough.' At first we doubted the man's words, but there was such an air of earnestness and candor in the communication which he now made, that we threw aside all suspicion, and confided in him. He stated that there was a large hunting party of Indians in our rear, who had been tracking us for several hours, and that it was their intention, early in the morning, to surround us, and take us prisoners for victims at the stake; 'but,' said he, 'if my white brodder will follow his red brodder, he will lead him safe.' We instantly signified our willingness to trust ourselves to his guidance, and shouldering our blankets and guns, we left our camp, and started after our guide—due north—at a rapid gait. For several miles we strode through the thick woods, at a rapid rate, every moment scratching our faces with the tangled brush, through which we had to pass; but considering this of minor importance, we hurried on in silence, save when we occasionally intruded too near the nest of the nocturnal king of the forest, when a wild hoot, ending with a hideous laugh, like some fiend of the woods, made us start, and involuntarily grasp our guns; but our guide, upon these occasions, generally finished the noise with an *imitation*, which although by an old hunter might not be pronounced perfect, still which would have deceived a green woodsman into an ambush where he would have lost his life.

"Sit on this log, and eat," said our red guide. Finding our appetites sharpened by our vigorous exertion, we sat on the log, and commenced eating, when our guide suddenly leaped from where he sat, and, with a shrill yell, bolted into the woods, and was soon out of sight. This conduct instantly aroused our fears, and with one accord we seized our guns, and sprang to our feet; we gazed around us—upon every side the grim visage of a painted warrior met our view, each with his tomahawk in one hand and his rifle in the other. "Perfidious villian!" yelled Ralph, rather than spoke it. "And this is an Indian's faith! if God permits me to escape this impending danger, I swear by his name that I will be revenged upon that scoundrel!" "And I swear that I will assist you," was my response. A big Indian, dressed in all the guady trappings of a chief, now strode toward us. Ralph raised his gun, and closed his eye, as the sight of the weapon quickly sought the Indian's breast. "Don't shoot, and you will be treated friendly," cried the savage, in good English. "A curse upon your Indian faith," cried Ralph; the gun went off, and the savage—with a loud and unearthly cry—bounded high in the air, and fell upon his face a corpse. A scream, as if ten thousand furies had has been suddenly turned loose upon the earth, rang around us; and e'er we could start ten steps on our flight, we were surrounded, seized by all limbs, and like the light bark when borne on the surface of the angry waves, were we borne, equally endangered upon the shoulders of these maddened men. We were thrown upon the earth; our hands and feet were bound till the cords were hid in the flesh, and the blood gushed out at the wounds; and then with the madded fury of maniacs, they commenced beating us with clubs, when another chief—who appeared to be of higher standing than the man who had just lost his life—rushed into the crowd, hurling the excited warriors to his right and left in his progress, and mounting on a log, he harangued them for a few moments in a loud voice. They at once desisted,—perhaps reconciled to the present disappointment by the consoling reflection of soon seeing us burnt at the stake. We were carried to their camp, where we were bound, and two sentinels were stationed to guard us. In this painful state we remained all day, when toward evening a second company of warriors arrived at the camp, and then vigorous preparations were made for burning us. A stake was planted in the ground, and painted of a variety of fantastic colors, the brush was gathered, and piled around it at a proper distance, and every other necessary arrangement made, while we sat looking on, subject to the continual curses of an old hag, whose most consoling remarks were such as "how would old *squaw* like to eat fire!" etc.,* and then she would break out into a screeching laugh, which embodied more venom than the rattle of a rattle-snake, or the hiss of a viper. A cold chill pervaded my frame as I gazed upon these ominous signs of death, but how often is our misery but the prelude of joy. At the moment that these horrid preparations were finished, a bright flash of lightning shattered a tall hickory near by, and then the earth was deluged with rain. The warriors sought the shelter, but left us beneath its fury, where we remained several hours, but seeing that instead of diminishing it increased, they forced us into a small log cabin, and leaving a man to guard us, they bolted the door firmly, and left us for the night. What were our reflections upon being left alone? Your imagination may supply you with an answer. But we did not long despond; we were young and robust, and our spirits elastic and not easily subdued. Instead of becoming disheartened, our approaching danger emboldened us, and, with looks whose expression conveyed all we wished, we resolved to effect our escape, or be slain in striving for it. Any thing was preferable to torture. The opportunity soon offered, for "there is a divinity which shapes our ends, rough-hew them as we may." Our guard proved just such a man as we wanted, for, unlike most Indian sentinels, he soon fell into a profound slumber.—Long and anxiously had we watched the man, and now our wishes were consummated. So busily had the savages been in preparing for our death, that they neglected their usual practice of stripping and blacking us. I felt in my pocket, and drew out my knife, and commenced sawing at the tough iron thong which penetrated my wrist. My heart beat high with joy, and we already felt that we were free, when the guard sneezed, opened his eyes, rolled them around the room, and discovered that he had been asleep. He sprang up, shook himself, and fixed his keen gaze upon me. I slipped the knife in my bosom; the savage saw the action, and advancing to me, he scrutinized me closely; he felt my coat pockets, he raised his hand to feel my bosom, when Ralph kicked him on the leg. With a curse, he turned around, struck him a blow, and then, with a shower of curses, he sat down, lit his pipe, and commenced smoking. After puffing half an hour—which appeared to drag by with all the tediousness of a week—he laid his tomahawk (which contains the pipe) by his side, and after nodding for some time, he broke out into a deep snore. Oh, what music was there in that man's nose, but it was his death dirge! I drew the knife from my bosom, and, with desperation, sawed through the thong, and my hands were free; in one minute more Ralph stood, like myself, a free man! With the stealthy tread of a cat, we stepped for the door, when the guard—whose ears were equally as delicate as that animal's—caught our faint sound, and sprung to his feet. Ralph leaped on him, and e'er he could rub his eyes and collect his scattered senses, his heart's blood was running upon the ground. After holding his throat, (so fearful were we that he would give the alarm,) until he was dead, we seized our rifles and pouches—which had fortunately been left in the cabin—and opening the door softly, we stepped out. The rain had ceased, the clouds had swept by, and the full moon—pale and high in the heavens—threw her light on the tree tops, bathing them in liquid silver. We silently and rapidly bounded into the forest, and by daylight, were within twelve miles of the log cabin, whose history I am telling. At that time there dwelt in that cabin, a trapper and his family by the name of Daniel Roe. When we reached there we found Roe at home, to whom we recounted our adventure. He laughed at the fear that the Indians might track us thus far, and finally we listened to his laughing remarks, and concluded to stay several days. We heaped folly upon folly. Instead of putting the house in a state of defence, and preserving as much silence as possible, in order to prevent discovery†, we commenced trying our skill by shooting at a mark. We continued this exercise through the day, partook of a hearty supper, chatted till bed time, and then retired to rest. Ralph soon fell asleep, but I could not. I felt a presentiment that there was danger, still there were no symptoms of it, yet I could not shake off a peculiar nervousness which agitated me. I lay still for some time, listening to the deep and regular breathing of family, but ever and anon as an owl screamed, I would start, despite the familiarity of the cry. Just as I had turned in my bed and composed myself for sleep, I heard a cry in every way similar to the hoot of an owl, still there was something about the cry that did not sound right. My heart commenced beating rapidly, and a sweat started from every pore of my skin. I silently rose, and looked through one of the chinks of the logs, but there was nothing to be seen. I listened attentively for at least an hour, but heard no sound which might confirm my suspicions, and finally, ashamed of my nervousness, (I could not call it *cowardice*,) I slipped into bed, but in a few moments I heard the cry again. I arose from the bed and dressed, but still I could see no form like that of an Indian. Just as I was on the eve of throwing off my clothes, I cast my eyes through the aperture between the logs, and started upon beholding several Indians walking about the yard. They moved with a stealthy gait, and whispered, with the most vehement gestures. I sprung to the bed and awoke Ralph, and in a few moments more, Roe, Ralph, and myself, were standing with ready guns, awaiting for a chance to shoot. A ball passing through one of the savages, told the rest that they were discovered, and now a regular firing commenced. The Indians sent up a fiendish shout, such as no person can imagine who has not heard an Indian war-scream, and then, with their tomahawks in their hands they rushed against the house, and began hewing at the door. In a moment we were all down stairs, where our fire became so fatal that they were forced to retire several times, but with a desperate courage they returned to the attack. I never experienced the feeling of utter despair but once in my life, and that was when Mr. Roe came running down stairs (whither he had went for more ammunition) and with a face blanched with terror and despair, informed us that the ammunition was expended. Here we were, surrounded by a host of savages, fastened in a small house, surrounded by women and children, and with nothing to defend ourselves. "Let us open the door and decide the contest hand to hand," cried Ralph Watts. "Oh God, no! my family—my wife and children are here; let us fight in here to the last," groaned Daniel Roe. And with nerves strung like iron, and spirits swelled to desperation, we waited in silence for the savages to hew their way through the frail clap-board door. The business was soon over—with one deafening and terrific yell the door gave way, and clubbing our guns, we wielded them with giant energy. The dusky forms of the savages crowded the door-way; their eyes glared madly at us, and their painted features working into a thousand malignant and fiendish expressions; which, together with their horrid yells, the wilder yet more heart-rending cries of the women and children, and the deep and loud curses of Ralph and his companion, all formed a scene of the most harrowing description. The battle was soon over. By some mishap I was hurled head foremost out of the door, but so intent were the savages upon the battle in the house, that they did not notice me, but crowded desparately for the scene of action. Seeing that all was lost, and that remaining there would be only throwing away my life uselessly, I sprang to my feet, and slipping around the corner of the house, I made my escape over "the old fortifications,"‡ and soon left the noise far behind me. Oh, what were my feelings at that moment! What are the misty ideas we entertain of purgatory, to be compared to the exquisite grief which then wrung my heart! Much has been written and said of grief, but how little do we know of its poignant nature until we experience the loss of some dear friend. 'Tis when we behold some object of our liveliest affections lying passive and dead—but a clay, unconscious of the pain it gives—that we feel *that* sorrow whose nature words so feebly express. I found it so when, upon returning a few hours afterwards, I discovered the bodies of all my friends mutilated, and weltering in their blood. Around the body of poor Ralph lay six Indians, with their skulls beat in, his gun furnishing evidence, by its mutilated state, of the force with which he had used it. My story is soon finished. As the tears streamed from my eyes, I dug a grave, where I deposited the remains of my friends, and after placed a large stone over the spot, I departed never to return again."

And wiping a tear from his cheek, the old hunter ceased to speak.

NOTE.—Upon returning from that hunting expedition, I determined to go and seek the spot where those unfortunate people had been buried. After searching for several hours, I discovered a stone which I imagined might be the tomb. I raised it, and with a shovel upturned the dirt, and bared a human skull. And here had lain for half a century the remains of this unfortunate family, while hundreds had stood upon their resting place, and wondered who had built their cabin.

* All hunters know the crack of each other's rifles.

*There is no epithet so venomous among Indians as squaw.

† The cabin lays in a hollow, surrounded by hills.

‡ Near the spot where this cabin stands are the remains of immense works, but by whom and when built, will forever remain hidden.

Open thy Lattice, Love.

BY GEORGE P. MORRIS.

Open thy lattice, love—
Listen to me!
The cool balmy breeze
Is abroad on the sea!
The moon, like a queen,
Roams her realms of blue,
And the stars keep their vigils
In heaven for you!
Ere morn's rosy blush
Tips the hills with its ray,
Away, o'er the waters,
Away and away!
Then open thy lattice, love—
Listen to me!
While the moon lights the sky
And the breeze curls the sea!

Open thy lattice, love—
Listen to me!
In the voyage of life
Love our pilot will be!
He'll sit at the helm
Wherever we rove,
And steer by the load-star
He kindled above!
His gem-girdled pinnace
Will cut the bright spray,
Or skim, like a bird,
O'er the waters away!
Then open thy lattice, love—
Listen to me!
While the moon lights the sky
And the breeze curls the sea!

Storming of Ciudad Rodrigo.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "CHARLES O'MALLEY."

It was in the afternoon of the following day that we rode into the large plain before Ciudad Rodrigo, and in which the allied armies were now assembled to the number of twelve thousand men. The loud booming of the siege artillery had been heard by me some hours before; but, notwithstanding this prelude and my own high-wrought expectations, I was far from anticipating the magnificent spectacle which burst upon my astonished view. The air was calm and still; a clear blue wintry sky stretched over head, but, below, the dense blue smoke of the deafening guns rolled in mighty volumes along the earth, and entirely concealed the lower part of the fortress; above this the tall towers and battlemented parapets rose into the thin transparent sky, like fairy palaces. A bright flash of flame would now and then burst forth from the walls, and a clanging crash of the brass metal be heard; but the unceasing roll of our artillery nearly drowned all other sounds, save when a loud cheer would burst from the trenches; while the clattering fall of masonry, and the crumbling stones as they rolled down, bespoke the reason of the cry. The utmost activity prevailed on all sides; troops pressed forward to the reliefs in the parallels; ammunition wagons moved to the front; general and staff officers rode furiously about the plain; and all betokened that the hour of attack was no longer far distant.

While all parties were anxiously awaiting the decision of our chief, the general order was made known, which, after briefly detailing the necessary arrangements, concluded with the emphatic words, "Ciudad Rodrigo *must be stormed to night*." All speculation as to the troops to be engaged in this daring enterprise, was soon at an end; for, with his characteristic sense of duty, Lord Wellington made no invidious selection, but merely commanded that the attack should be made by whatever divisions might chance to be that day in the trenches. Upon the third and light divisions, therefore, this glorious task devolved; the former was to attack the main breach; to Crawford's division was assigned the, if possible, more difficult enterprise of carrying the lesser one, while Pack's Portuguese brigade were to menace the convent of La Caridad by a faint attack, to be converted into a real one, if circumstances should permit.

The decision, however matured and comprehensive in all its details, was finally adopted so suddenly that every staff-officer upon the ground was actively engaged during the entire evening in conveying the orders to the different regiments. As the day drew to a close the cannonade slackened on either side, a solitary gun would be heard at intervals, and, in the calm stillness around, its booming thunder re-echoed along the valleys of the Sierra; but, as the moon rose and night set in, these were no longer heard, and a perfect stillness and tranquillity prevailed around. Even in the trenches, crowded with armed and anxious soldiers, not a whisper was heard; and, amid that mighty host which filled the plain, the tramp of a patrol could be distinctly noted, and the hoarse voice of the French sentry upon the walls, telling that all was well in Ciudad Rodrigo.

The massive fortress looming larger at its dark shadow stood out from the sky, was still as the grave; while in the greater beach, a light was seen to twinkle for a moment, and then suddenly to disappear, leaving all gloomy and dark as before.

Having been sent with orders to the third division, of which the eighty-eighth formed a part, I took the opportunity of finding out O'Shaughnessy, who was himself to lead an escalade party in M'Kinnon's brigade. He sprang toward me as I came forward, and, grasping my hand with more than usual earnestness, called out, "the very man I wanted! Charley my boy, do us a service now!"

Before I could reply, he continued in a low tone, "A young fellow of ours, Harry Beauclerc, has been badly wounded in the trenches, but, by some blunder, his injury is reported as a slight one, and, although the poor fellow can scarcely stand, he insists upon going with the stormers."

"Come here, major! come here!" cried a voice at a little distance.

"Follow me, O'Malley," cried O'Shaughnessy, moving in the direction of the speaker.

By the light of a lantern we could descry two officers, kneeling upon the ground; between them on the grass lay the figure of a third, upon whose features, as the pale light fell, the hand of death seemed rapidly stealing. A slight froth, tinged with blood, rested on his lip, and the florid blood, which stained the buff facing of his uniform, indicated that his wound was through the lungs.

"He has fainted," said one of the officers, in a low tone.

"Are you certain it is fainting?" said the other, in a still lower.

"You see how it is, Charley," said O'Shaughnessy, "this poor boy must be carried to the rear. Will you then, like a kind fellow, hasten back to Col. Campbell and mention the fact. It will kill Beauclerc, should any doubt rest upon his conduct, if he ever recover this."

While he spoke, four soldiers of the regiment placed the wounded officer in a blanket. A long sigh escaped him, and he muttered a few broken words.

"Poor fellow! it's his mother he's talking of. He only joined a month since, and is a mere boy. Come, O'Malley, lose no time. By Jove, it is too late, there goes the first rocket for the columns to form. In ten minutes more the stormers must fall in."

"What's the matter, Giles," said he to one of the officers, who had stopped the soldiers as they were moving off with their burden; "what is it?"

"I have been cutting the white tape off his arm; for, if he sees it on waking, he'll remember all about the storming."

"Quite right—thoughtfully done!" said the other, "but who is to lead his fellows? He was in the forlorn hope."

"I'll do it," cried I with eagerness. "Come, O'Shaughnessy, you'll not refuse me——"

"Refuse you, boy!" said he, grasping my hand with both of his. "Never! but you must change your coat. "The gallant eighty-eighth will never mistake their countryman's voice. But your uniform will be devilish likely to get you a bayonet through it; so come back with me, and we'll make you a ranger in no time."

"I can give your friend a cap."

"And I," said the other, "a brandy flask, which, after all, is not the worst part of a storming equipage."

"I hope," said O'Shaughnessy, "they may find Maurice in the rear. Beauclerc's all safe in his hands."

"That they'll not," said Giles, "you may swear Quill is this moment in the trenches, and will not be the last man at the breach."

"Follow me now, lads," said O'Shaughnessy, in a low voice. "Our fellows are at the angle of this trench. Who the deuce can that be, talking so loud?"

"It must be Maurice," said Giles.

The question was soon decided by the doctor himself, who appeared giving directions to his hospital-sergeant.

"Yes, Peter, take the tools up to a convenient spot near the breach. There's many a snug corner there in the ruins, and, although we mayn't have as good an operation-room as in old 'Steeven's,' yet we'll beat them hollow in cases."

"Listen to the fellow," said Giles, with a shudder. "The thought of his confounded thumb-screws and tourniquets is worse to me than a French howitzer."

"The devil a kinder hearted fellow than Maurice," said O'Shaughnessy, "for all that; and, if his heart was to be known this moment, he'd rather handle a sword than a saw."

"True for you, Dennis," said Quill, overhearing him; "but we are both useful in our way, as the hangman said to Lord Clare."

"But should you not be in the rear, Maurice?" said I.

"You are right, O'Malley," said he, in a whisper; "but you see I owe the Cork Insurance Company a spite, for making me pay a gout premium, and that's the reason I'm here. I warned them at the time that their stinginess would come to no good."

"I say, Captain O'Malley," said Giles, "I find I can't be as good as my word with you; my servant has moved to the rear with all my traps."

"What is to be done?" said I.

"Is it shaving utensils you want?" said Maurice. "Would a scalpel serve your turn?"

"No, doctor, I'm going to take a turn of duty with your fellows to-night."

"In the breach!——with the stormers?"

"With the forlorn hope," said O'Shaughnessy. "Beauclerc is so badly wounded that we've sent him back, and Charley, like a good fellow, has taken his place."

"Martin told me," said Maurice, "that Beauclerc was only stunned, but, upon my conscience, the hospital mates now-a-days are no better than the watch-makers; they can't tell what's wrong with the instrument, till they pick it to pieces.—Whiz——there goes a blue light."

"Move on; move on," whispered O'Shaughnessy, they're telling off the stormers. That rocket is "the order to fall in."

"But what am I to do for a coat?"

"Take mine, my boy," said Maurice, throwing off an upper garment of coarse gray frieze, as he spoke.

"There's a neat bit of uniform," continued he, turning himself round for our admiration, "don't I look mighty like the pictures of George the First, at the battle of Dettingen?"

A burst of approving laughter was our only answer to this speech, while Maurice proceeded to denude himself of his most extraordinary garment.

"What, in the name of Heaven, is it?" said I.

"Don't despise it, Charley; it knows the smell of gunpowder as well as any bit of scarlet in the service," while he added in a whisper, "it's the ould Roscommon yeomanry. My uncle commanded them in the year '42, and this was his coat. I don't mean to say that it was new then, for you see it's a kind of heir-loom in the Quill family, and it's not every one I'd be giving it to."

"A thousand thanks, Maurice," said I, as I buttoned it on, amid an ill-suppressed titter of laughter.

"It fits you like a sentry-box," said Maurice, as he surveyed me with a lantern. "The skirts separate behind in the most picturesque manner, and, when you button the collar, it will keep your head up so high, that the devil a bit you'll see except the blessed moon. It's a thousand pities you haven't the three-cocked hat, with the feather trimming. If you wouldn't frighten the French, my name's not Maurice."

"Turn out here, till I admire you. If you only saw yourself in a glass, you'd never join the dragoons again. And look now, don't be exposing yourself, for I wouldn't have those blue facings destroyed for a week's pay."

"Ah, then, it's yourself is the darlin, doctor dear," said a voice behind me. I turned round; it was Mickey Free, who was standing with a most profound admiration of Maurice, beaming in every feature of his face. "It's yourself has a joke for every hour o' the day."

"Get to the rear, Mike, get to the rear with the cattle; this is no place for you or them."

"Good night, Mickey," said Maurice.

"Good night! your honor," muttered Mike to himself, "may I never die till you set a leg for me."

"Are you dressed for the ball?" said Maurice, fastening the white tape upon my arm. "There now, my boy, move on, for I think I hear Picton's voice; not that it signifies now, for he's always in a heavenly temper when any one's going to be killed. I'm sure he'd behave like an angel, if he only knew the ground was mined under his feet."

"Charley, Charley," called out O'Shaughnessy, in a suppressed voice, "come up quickly."

"No. 24, John Forbes—here! Edward Gillespie—here!"

"Who leads this party, Major O'Shaughnessy?"

"Mr. Beauclerc, sir," replied O'Shaughnessy, pushing me forward by the arm while he spoke.

"Keep your people together, sir; spare the powder, and trust to your cold iron." He grasped my hand within his iron grip, and rode on.

"Who was it Dennis?" said I.

"Don't you know him, Charley? that was Picton."

Whatever the levity of the previous moment, the scene before us now repressed it effectually. The deep-toned bell of the cathedral tolled seven, and scarcely were its notes dying away in the distance, when the march of the columns was heard stealing along the ground. A low murmuring whisper ran along the advanced files of the forlorn hope; stocks were loosened, packs and knapsacks thrown to the ground; each man pressed his cap more firmly down upon his brow, and, with lip compressed and steadfast eye, waited for the word to move.

It came at last: the word "march!" passed in whispers from rank to rank, and the dark mass moved on. What a moment was that, as we advanced to the foot of the breach! The consciousness that, at the same instant from different points of that vast plain, similar parties were moving on; the feeling that, at a word, the flame of the artillery and the flash of steel would spring from that dense cloud, and death and carnage in every shape our imagination can conceive, be dealt on all sides. The hurried fitful thought of home; the years long past, compressed into one minute's space; the last adieu to all we've loved, mingling with the muttered prayer to heaven, while, high above all, the deep pervading sense that earth has no temptation strong enough to turn us from that path whose ending must be a sepulchre.

Each heart was too full for words. We followed noiselessly along the turf, the dark figure of our leader guiding us through the gloom. On arriving at the ditch, the party with the ladders moved to the front. Already some hay packs were thrown in, and the forlorn hope sprang forward.

All was still and silent as the grave. "Quietly, my men—quietly!" said M'Kinnon; "don't press." Scarcely had he spoken when a musket, whose charge contrary to orders had not been drawn, went off. The whizzing bullet could not have struck the wall, when suddenly a bright flame burst forth from the ramparts, and shot upward toward the sky. For an instant the whole scene before us was bright as noonday. On one side the dark ranks and glistening bayonets of the enemy; on the other, the red uniform of the British columns; compressed like some solid wall, they stretched along the plain.

A deafening roll of musketry from the extreme right announced that the third division was already in action, while the loud cry of our leader as he sprang into the trench, summoned us to the charge. The leading sections, not waiting for the ladders, jumped down, others pressed rapidly behind them, when a loud rumbling thunder crept along the earth, a hissing crackling noise followed, and from the dark ditch a forked and livid lightning burst like the flame from a volcano, and a mine exploded. Hundreds of shells and grenades scattered along the ground were ignited at the same moment; the air sparkled with the whizzing fuses; the musketry plied incessantly from the walls, and every man of the leading company of the stormers was blown to pieces. While this dreadful catastrophe was enacting before our eyes, the different assaults were made on all sides; the whole fortress seemed girt

around with fire. From every part arose the yells of triumph and the shouts of the assailants. As for us, we stood upon the verge of the ditch breathless, hesitating, and horror-struck. A sudden darkness succeeded to the bright glare, but from the midst of the gloom the agonizing cries of the wounded and the dying, rent our very hearts.

"Make way there! make way! here comes Mackie's party," cried an officer in front, and as he spoke the forlorn hope of the eighty-eighth came forward at a run; jumping recklessly into the ditch, they made toward the breach; the supporting division of stormers gave one inspiriting cheer, and sprang after them. The rush was tremendous; for scarcely had we reached the crumbling ruins of the rampart, when the vast column, pressing on like some mighty torrent, bore down upon our rear. Now commenced a scene to which nothing I ever before conceived of war could in any degree compare: the whole ground, covered with combustibles of every deadly and destructive contrivance, was rent open with a crash; the huge masses of masonry bounded into the air like things of no weight; the ringing clangor of the iron howitzers, the crackling of the fuses, the blazing splinters, the shouts of defiance, the more than savage yell of those in whose ranks alone the dead and the dying were numbered, made up a mass of sights and sounds almost maddening with their excitement. On we struggled; the mutilated bodies of the leading files almost filling the way.

By this time the third division had joined us, and the crush of our thickening ranks was dreadful; every moment some well-known leader fell dead or mortally wounded, and his place was supplied by some gallant fellow, who, springing from the leading files, would scarcely have uttered his cheer of encouragement, ere he himself was laid low. Many a voice, with whose notes I was familiar, would break upon my ear in tones of heroic daring, and the next moment burst forth in a death-cry. For above an hour the frightful carnage continued, fresh troops continually advancing, but scarcely a foot of ground was made; the earth belched forth its volcanic fires, and that terrible barrier did no man pass. In turn the bravest and the boldest would leap into the whizzing flame, and the taunting cheers of the enemy, triumphed in derision at the effort.

"Stormers, to the front! only the bayonet! trust to nothing but the bayonet," cried a voice, whose almost cheerful accents contrasted strangely with the death notes around, and Gurwood, who led the forlorn hope of the fifty-second, bounded into the chasm; all the officers sprang simultaneously after him; the men pressed madly on; a roll of withering musketry crashed upon them; a furious shout replied to it. The British, springing over the dead and the dying, bounded like blood-hounds on their prey. Meanwhile, the ramparts trembled beneath the tramp of the light division, who, having forced the lesser breach, came down upon the flank of the French. The garrison, however, thickened their numbers, and bravely held their ground. Man to man was now the combat. No cry for quarter. No supplicating look for mercy; it was the death struggle of vengeance and despair. At this instant, an explosion louder than the loudest thunder shook the air; the rent and torn up ramparts sprang into the sky; the conquering and the conquered were alike the victims; for one of the great magazines had been ignited by a shell; the black smoke, streaked with a lurid flame, hung above the dead and the dying. The artillery and the murderous musketry were stilled, paralyzed, as it were, by the ruin and devastation before them: both sides stood leaning upon their arms; the pause was but momentary; the cries of wounded comrades called upon their hearts. A fierce burst of vengeance rent the air; the British closed upon the foe; for one instant they were met: the next, the bayonets gleamed upon the ramparts, and Ciudad Rodrigo was won.

SATURDAY POST.

EDITED AND PUBLISHED BY

GEORGE R. GRAHAM & CO.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 14, 1841.

Acknowledgment.

We give our thanks to a large number of the subscribers of the Post, for the very handsome manner in which remittances have been made to us, for some time past, and for the quality of the funds, in which they have been made. We shall endeavor on our part to do justice to them in turn.

A word to those still in arrears. We shall be much obliged for a speedy settlement, as the volume is now opened, and we wish to start, unincumbered by *back balances.* Let the accounts all be settled up, and we will take a *fair start* together and see who shall first tire in the race. *We shall continue to issue a splendid paper.*

Criminal Apathy.

The atrocious murder of Miss Rogers has now been a matter of wonder for a fortnight, and yet no discovery has been made, no clue obtained, respecting the perpetrators of this tragedy. An outrage which should fill the community with horror, and which should rouse every energy of the police into action, has been suffered to pass by with but little comparative comment, and no extraordinary investigation on the part of the ministers of the law. It is with shame we record the fact. It is with a blush for the apathy of those in power, both in New York and in New Jersey, that we say that not even a reward has been offered for the apprehension of the murderers. Is life of so little value that its loss is unworthy of care? Was Mary Rogers so insignificant a person that her murder deserves no inquisition at the hands of the law? God forbid! The humblest individual as well as the proudest citizen—the poor friendless girl as well as the the nabob rolling in his millions—whoever in short has the likeness of the Maker's image, or breathes the breath of man, has a life dear to themselves, if not to the community, and, if murdered, their innocent blood "cries aloud from the ground."

We can understand the reasons why the police officers are not as active in this matter as they should be—they fancy that the fugitive is fled, and their salaries will not allow them to meet the costs of a pursuit and investigation carried on at a distance from their homes. Hitherto they have defrayed such expenses out of the rewards usually offered. And now, when "no man careth" for this hapless girl, when no reward is offered by the authorities, ministerial officers of justice *will not, or cannot* enter into the search with proper vigor. Let this be looked to. We ask again—we ask in the name of humanity, we ask for the sake of American justice—why is not this matter taken up with fitting energy, heavy rewards offered, a rigid investigation commenced, and all the enginery of the police set on foot at once?

But, for our parts, although public opinion seems to be in favor of the flight of the murderers, we see no evidence as yet developed to warrant any such conclusion. A fearful mistery envelopes the whole transaction. The victim left her home alone—she was not heard of for days—and then her body was accidently discovered near Hoboken, half buried in the tide, mangled, bloody, lifeless, and deserted. This is all which is yet known of this transaction. Yet think not it will go unavenged. There is a God, above us, without whose will not even a sparrow falls to the ground, and, let us be assured, he will not suffer this fearful deed to pass unpunished. The day shall come when all will be known. Yet no miracle is to be looked for to reveal the murderer. Man will be the agent to discover the perpetrator of this outrage. Since then it is left to us, let us lose no time, but begin at once.

The spot, where the investigation should commence, is the city of New York. The murderer most probably resided there, was acquainted with his victim, and *perhaps* accompanied her to Hoboken—we say *perhaps*, because we are by no means convinced, *that the murder took place in New Jersey*, as the body, if thrown in on the New York side, might be floated by the tide across the river. We are strengthened in this doubt, by the fact, that the person of the victim, from its loveliness, was well known about the city, and it does not appear as yet, that any one saw her in the ferry-boat, or at Hoboken, or any where on the Jersey shore. She must then, either have not crossed the river, or have crossed it in a small boat, and if by the latter conveyance, in company with one or more persons of the other sex. Who hired a small boat on that day? Can any one, so hiring, be identified as acquainted with Mary Rogers? Was she seen on board any wherry at all? Who *first* discovered her body? What were all the circumstances attending this discovery? These, and a hundred other questions should be answered, and thus some clue at length would be obtained. Thus too point by point the enquiry would be narrowed, until success would inevitably attend it. If the investigation is put into the hands of some thoroughly competent person, possessed of an energetic character and an analytical mind, and if that person is furnished with money and agents to carry on his inquisition thoroughly, we have no more doubt, than that we are writing these paragraphs, that the murderer or murderers will eventually be brought to light. We would—if such an inquiry was in our hands—first acquaint ourselves with the whole past life of Mary Rogers, in order to ascertain who could have had a motive—for every murderer has a motive—to perpetrate this act.—And in the second place we would rigidly analyze the circumstances attending the discovery of the body, and her actions on that day. Let some such enquiry be set on foot and pushed with vigor and acuteness. But above all let a fitting reward be offered to sharpen the proceedings of the officers of justice.

Sub-Treasury Law Repealed.

On Monday, as will be seen on reference to the Congressional proceedings, the bill repealing the Sub-Treasury, passed the House, and is now before the President for signature. The vote was 134 to 87.

American Manners.

We have been struck, in perusing Miss Sedgwick's late work, with one of her remarks—it is the following. "An American bred in the best society in his own land, does not feel any more than he acknowledges, superiority of rank in another. The distinctions of rank are as vague and imperceptible in him, as the imaginary lines are to the puzzled child in his first studies on the globe." This is prettily expressed, and applicable to some cases, but it is somewhat too general. With many—perhaps with the majority of the well bred and highly cultivated in this country, there is no apparent display of superiority. But there are others again, and not a few in number, who, at watering places and similar assemblies, seem to recognize distinctions between themselves and others—distinctions too, not created by the only truly elevating faculty—intellect—but by fortune, or the miserable mockery which prevails in some circles under the name of fashion. Thus, for example, let us look at Philadelphia. The eminent even in our own city—we mean the eminent by virtue, by patriotism, by genius and public worth—are not considered by the fashionable world, as the *elite* of good society. Fortunately, however, the fashionables, so called, form but a handful of the great multitude, and while they flutter and exult in their own immediate *sphere*, they are not regarded by any discriminating mind, with any extra degree of either deference or respect. The only true tests of superiority in a country like ours, should be integrity and mind.

Still, however, the remark is true in the general, as the numbers of those who *pretend* to superiority, are far inferior to those who do not. Excepting, perhaps, a little coarseness of manner among some of our countrymen, we are as polite a nation as any in Europe, unless it is the French. Certainly we are more so than the arrogant, selfish and growling John Bull.

Fire.

On Sunday afternoon, about 6 o'clock, the large and elegant building at the north-east corner of Chesnut and Eighth streets, known as the Union Buildings, was discovered to be on fire, but fortunately confined to the roof, which was nearly burnt off. The upper story, where the fire originated, was used as an armory by the two corps of Washington and Philadelphia Greys, who no doubt suffered much in the destruction of their property.

The next stories below were occupied by the Pennsylvania Literary Institute of Young Men, by the Democratic Association as a reading room, and also by a Baptist congregation for religious worship.

The lower story, embracing several stores, no doubt suffered from the water only, which was plentifully thrown on by the firemen. For more than an hour there was every prospect that the elegant pile would become a heap of ruins but the noble efforts of the firemen confined the destruction principally to the upper story.

There is no doubt whatever that the fire was the result of the act of an incendiary. Mr. George Briggs, a member of the Philadelphia Greys, went into the armory about twelve o'clock on Sunday noon, and found that a ladder which was used to get into the loft, and which was always placed at the trap, was missing and not to be found. He left, without suspicion, locking the door of the armory as usual. The first member of the corps that visited the armory, and the very first person also that reached the fourth story after the fire had been seen was Mr. Wooldridge, who found the door burst open—thus leading to the supposition that some one had been in the loft (where the fire begun) during Mr. Briggs's stay in the room below; and beyond doubt proving that between his visit and the alarm, the door had been forced by some one from within and without.

Health of New Orleans.

The Bee of the 2d inst. says: "Reports have prevailed within the last forty-eight hours of the existence in our city of the yellow fever as an epidemic. We took the trouble, in order to ascertain the truth of these rumors to pay a visit to the Charity Hospital, which is usually the scene of the earliest visitations of the disease. There was not a solitary case of yellow fever in any of the records. On inquiry, however, we understood that several marked cases had occurred in town, particularly among the crew of the ship Talma, and in the upper part of the second municipality. Some of these have proved fatal. We cannot yet undertake to say that yellow fever, as an epidemic, has broken out in our city. The healthiest season does not pass without the occurrence of some cases—even fatal ones, of the disease. We must admit, however, that the weather has been highly favorable to the generation of the pestilence. Insupportable heat unaccompanied by rain, at this season of the year, is generally looked upon as its precursor. We are no alarmists, but think it proper to put unacclimated residents on their guard, entreating them actively to employ those sanatory measures which are the surest safeguards against its attacks."

The Commercial Bulletin of the same date, publishes the report of the Board of Health, that there were 86 deaths during the previous week, and remarks that this indicates a decided improvement of the public health since the previous report. "There has been no case of yellow fever yet; and the whole number of deaths of fever, of all grades, is only 12. The weather, which has been uncommonly hot nearly all the month, became more temperate on Friday, and so continues; and every hope is that we shall have not only a healthy but a comfortable season throughout."

Dreadful Loss of Life.

We are indebted to the attention of the proprietors of the Buffalo Commercial Advertiser and Journal for the appalling particulars of the destruction of the Steamboat Erie, by fire, on her passage from that port to Chicago, on the 9th inst. and the loss of one hundred and seventy-five lives.

BUFFALO, Aug. 10, 7, A. M.

AWFUL CATASTROPHE—STEAMBOAT ERIE BURNT—*Over One Hundred and Seventy Lives Lost.*—Gentlemen: I have hardly time to write you that the steamboat Erie was entirely destroyed by fire last night off Cattaraugus Creek. She left here last evening for Chicago, with something over two hundred souls on board, including crew, (having been recently re-painted and repaired) and the steamboat Clinton bringing twenty-seven only of the whole number of persons who were on board—with the most heart-rending intelligence that the rest were all drowned or burnt! The captain of the unfortunate Erie is among the number brought by the Clinton.

I cannot send you the names of the sufferers for want of time: in fact I have not yet learned whether the way bill was saved or not. About one hundred and fifty of the passengers were, however, German emigrants.

It is said (with how much truth I know not) that the varnish was not entirely dry when she left this port, and that when the fire took, it spread with such rapidity that those on the upper deck had not even time to go below before they were enveloped in flames. The persons saved were taken from the wheels of the boat, pieces of furniture, &c. Yours, truly, S.

Mr. Swartwout.

We glean the following information respecting this individual, from the N. Y. Tribune. The statement, it is to be remembered, is on the authority of a Whig journal.

The New York Custom House investigation is expected to be brought to a close this week. The Tribune states that Mr. Swartwout has been examined, "and is understood to have demonstrated that a large portion of the enormous defalcation charged upon him in truth belongs to others. He involved himself by speculations; used the Public Money; got deeper in the mire; a general depreciation of property ensued; he could not realise to pay his indebtedness to the Government, and in the midst of it he was superseded. His troubles came thick upon him, and he was induced to abscond, when all the fatherless rascalities of the whole gang were sworn upon him, making him a defaulter to the extent of a Million and a Quarter of Dollars! We now understand that his actual default was about 400,000 dollars, and that the Government has a lien on his coal mines and other property, which will ultimately pay a great part of it."

Snebley's Press.

This new invention really deserves even more than the praises bestowed on it. The great advantages gained, are perfect register, equal distribution of ink, rapidity of motion, and a wonderful saving of power. We should do little advantage to the ingenious inventor and maker of the press, by attempting a verbal description. Those, however, who have seen in operation the Adams' press, and the cylinder presses, will be astonished when they see how Mr. Snebley has contrived to dispense with a very large portion of their complicated machinery, without losing a single advantage, and really gaining power. This is by a judicious use of the power required, and a double service for certain parts of the press, which are not allowed, after advancing for some valuable purpose, to return inoperative. They *work* both ways. Book printers especially should examine the press. A single examination will be worth a column of reading.

Mr. S. having completed his platen press, which works with an elbow joint, is about to complete a cylinder press, of great simplicity and effect.

Public Schools in New York.

It appears, says the New York Sun, from the late report of the commissioners of this city, made for the year ending first May last, that the amount of funds distributed by them during the year was $130,323,97, of which $10,000 were distributed among asylums—including the Roman Catholic Orphan Asylum, and other schools of a peculiar character designated by the corporation. The whole number of children who received instruction in the course of the year in the various schools, aided by the public money, was 41,385, of whom 39,557 were in schools of the Public School Society. Average attendance quarterly 25,162; average attendance during the whole year 15,936.

The Elections.

A number of the State elections have just taken place, and others will be held this month.

Alabama voted on the 2d inst. for Governor and Legislature. A slip from Mobile gives us the result of the election in that county.

We have elected T. L. Toulmin, (Dem.) Senator—80 majority, and B. McAlpin and John B. Hogan, Representatives. The Democratic party ran three and lost one—the Whigs ran a full ticket of four and lost two—C. C. Langdon, T. McPrince and Joseph Bates, (Whigs) are beaten.

J. H. Irwin and R. C. McAlpin, (Whigs) are elected.

Indiana.—Letters in the Globe state that in the county in which Indianapolis is situated, the Democratic candidate beats the regular Whig candidate for representative about three hundred. Harrison's majority was about 300. But from the tone of the letter we infer there was a second Whig candidate in the field. In Jefferson County, Jesse D. Bright, (Dem.) late U. S. Marshal, is elected to the State Senate. Harrison's majority in the county last fall exceeded seven hundred. There were two Whig candidates. Switzerland and Floyd counties have elected the Whig ticket. In Franklin and Dearborn it is defeated. The two latter counties gave small majorities for Harrison, but had been Van Buren counties.

Fayette county has elected one Whig and one Democrat to the Legislature.

Clark county has elected the entire Democratic ticket.

In Wayne county there are three Whig representatives, one Whig Senator and one Democratic Senator elected.

In Union county two Whig representatives; in Henry two Whig Representatives; in Randolph one Democrat; and in Jay and Adams one Democrat.

Rush county has elected two Whig representatives.—In Hancock two Democrats are elected. In Marion county, Wm. Z. Brown is said to be elected.

Kentucky.—In Louisville the Whigs were successful by large majorities.

In Campbell county a Whig has succeeded in displacing the Democratic member of the Legislature.

In the Senatorial district opposite Cincinnati, owing to the running of two opposition candidates, it is supposed that a Whig has succeeded.

A letter in the Globe, from Lexington, dated Aug. 3, says: "At the close for dinner to-day, it appeared Clay (Whig) had gained on Wickliffe, (Dem.) but is still one hundred and two votes behind, and his friends have no hope of his election. He will, I think, beat him over two hundred votes."

Wisconsin.—The Whig and Democratic parties of this territory are at length in the field, with the lines drawn strictly, and the respective candidates for Territorial delegates nominated. Gen. Henry Dodge is the Democratic nominee, J. E. Arnold the Whig.

The Disputed Territory.

The Lieutenant Governor of New Brunswick has lately directed the Commissioner for Indian Affairs, residing at St. John, to visit all the Indian settlements on the river Saint John, for the purpose of obtaining correct information in regard to their condition and their lands. In compliance with this order he proceeded as far as Lake Temiscouata, and while at Temiscouata, Capt. Nelson, of the British Royal Engineers, arrived there express from Quebec, with instructions to put the various frontier posts, now held by detachments of the 56th Regiment, in an efficient state of defence, without delay. Musket proof defences around the barracks of Temiscouata were forthwith commenced, and Capt. Nelson then proceeded to the Degele and the Little Falls at the mouth of the Madawaska river, where a new and very strong block-house is now in course of erection. Capt. Nelson remained at the Little Falls to superintend the completion of the block-house, and despatched Lieut. Norton, of the 56th, (an acting officer of Engineers,) and Mr. Tennant, of the Commissariat, to the Grand Falls, for the purpose of removing all the guns and stores placed there to the block-house, and also to bring up the Artillery-men stationed there to the same place.

The Indian Agent left the Grand Falls on the 24th ult. when the packing of the stores had commenced, and it was understood that the whole would move upward on the following Wednesday in tow boats, which were getting ready.

The detachment of the 56th at the Little Falls is under the command of Lieut. Johnes Smith; the post at the Degele is held by Capt. Walmsey and his company, and the post at Lake Temiscouata is commanded by Capt. Charlewood.

These measures were, on the spot, supposed to be taken under the apprehension of difficulties arising between the two Governments, out of the affair of McLeod. To us, however, they appear to be of a more permanent character, and would seem to transcend the limit fixed by agreement to the action of the British Government in the disputed Territory.

New Music.

That prince of musical caterers, J. F Nunns, has just issued, from his head-quarters at 184 Chesnut street, as choice a lot of new musical compositions as we have met with for many a day. Foremost of the lot is an exquisite ballad by Catharine H. Waterman, entitled "I canna lo'e him less," set to music, by Wm. B. Dempster. Then follows a sweet Tyrolian air, by Mrs. Norton, to which she has written some most gem-like words. We have also the "Philadelphia National Guards Quick Step," as well as "The Love Spell Gallop"—a piece, rather dangerous to young folks, we should think, as they fall in love as naturally as we sip our coffee, without the aid of music, gallopades, or love spells. For the last of this constellation of good things, we have a song by John H. Hewitt, Esq., called "I am far from my native home,"—and those who doubt its beauty, or indeed that of any one of the set, should go to Mr. Nunn's store and purchase. We particularly recommend the "Love Spell Gallop" to young ladies.

We have also been favored with a new song, entitled, "He led Her to the Altar," published by A. Fiot, the words and music by Mr. B. S. Barclay. It is a composition of much merit. We particularly admire the music, and predict for it great popularity. Mr. Barclay is, unlike too many composers, no mere pretender to the art, but his productions are always stamped with talent of a high order. He has lately written some words—as yet, however, unpublished—to several of the Norma songs, retaining as much as possible the spirit, without adhearing to a translation, of the original Italian. The best critics speak of these efforts as giving more effect to the music than any translation that can possibly be made.

Independence Square.

Some Vandal of a correspondent in the Inquirer of this city, recommends that Independence Square should be paved with bricks throughout. The principal argument for this piece of desecration is that the said correspondent forsooth may have a *short cut* across from George to Library street,—whether for the purpose of visiting the Bank or "Our House" he does not inform the public, but certainly from the little business transacted in Library street, for one or the other of these purposes. He is a true specimen of the worst kind of an American, one who would plough up a grave-yard to raise an ear of corn, or tear down structures, hallowed by the holiest associations, to gain a foot of ground on which to build a market-house. We have already a scarcity of public squares, and the few such green spots scattered over our city, should be nurtured with a pious care, but more especially should Independence Square be kept covered with its trees and verdure. There is one old buttonwood, a remnant of '76, whose preservation is of more import than the convenience of a thousand misers, drones, or grog-shop frequenters.

Breaking Open a Letter.

Stephen Oliver, the Postmaster at Lynn, was tried in the U. S. Court at Boston, last week, for breaking open a letter deposited in that office. The Transcript says—

The fact was admitted, but it was contended that the letter was opened because it was suspected of being anonymous, and of an abusive character, and which proved to be the case, and it was argued for the defence that it being a letter dropped into the box at Lynn, to be delivered in that town, such letters did not come within the statute, the language being, "letters to be conveyed by Post, (Statute 1825, ch. 275, sec. 21) and the 36th section speaks of letters "not to be carried by Post, but delivered at the place where they are lodged." Judge Sprague said he could not undertake to determine whether Congress intended to exempt this class of letters from this provision of the law, but he must be governed by the language of the statute, especially in the case of a penal statute, and he accordingly ordered the defendant to be discharged.

The Slave Revolt Exploded.

The New Orleans Bee of 31st ult. says—"Our reporter has returned from Bayou Sara. He informs us that the evidence in the trial of the slaves, was altogether that of the negroes on the different plantations. Strange to say, the overseer Patrick, who was the first man who furnished information of the contemplated insurrection, was not summoned as a witness. This was a singular and unfortunate oversight. If the evidence of any individual was calculated to throw any light on the affair, it was surely that of the overseer. The upshot of the business seems to be that there really was a projected conspiracy among the slaves, but that the planters in their first alarm, greatly magnified the supposed danger. It is quite possible that afterward, being unwilling to lose many valuable slaves, they were not particularly anxious to sift the matter very closely, now that the timely suppression removed all apprehensions of the result."

Curious Discovery.

A correspondent of the N. Y. Journal of Commerce, writing from Canandaigua, says a discovery has been made in that part of the country which has excited no little curiosity. A sturdy oak, one of the primeval settlers, had been felled for the purpose of being converted into ship timber. During the process of sawing, a number of incisions were discovered which had evidently been made with some sharp instrument of iron or steel, and these cuts were found to be 400 grains from the outer bark, each grain being the growth of one year. According to this idea, this country may have been traversed 400 years ago, by men accustomed to the use of iron and steel instruments; but whether of their own manufacturing or not, must at present remain a mystery.

We, however, very much question whether the incisions were made by an iron or steel instrument. They might have been produced by a stone hatchet, such as was in common use with the Indians.

The Museum.

The splendid building known as the Philadelphia Museum, was sold under the hammer, on Thursday evening week, at the Exchange, by Messrs. C. J. Wolbert & Co. Auctioneers. The property is subjected together with the ground now occupied by the New National Theatre, to a mortgage of $90,000, but the Museum property is free, unless the Theatre lot should realize by sale, a less sum than the full amount of the mortgage.

The sale was announced as positive, and the building and ground were knocked down to Doctor Patterson, for the Philosophical Society, for the small sum of $37,250. It is understood that the Society intend removing their library from their building in Fifth street, to the room now occupied by the Chinese Collection.

Axles of Locomotives.

A United States Engineer, writing from Belgium, speaks of the manufacture of locomotives and steam engines there, as having arrived at a high state of perfection. He mentions particularly that the axles for fixed and locomotive engines are formed of "faggotted iron," iron just rolled into rods and then firmly welded together, while red hot, by a ponderous trip-hammer. Axles made in this way seldom break. It is only by having them fabricated differently that they so often are broken and involve such a fearful loss of human life. Notwithstanding the admirable locomotives which are made on the continent, still Philadelphia manufacturers have a number in operation on different roads. They operate so well, as to excite universal admiration.

Rev. Dr. Bethune.

The numerous friends of this gentleman, both here and elsewhere, will be gratified to learn that his health has been materially improved since he left Philadelphia. Letters have been received from him at Gibraltar, in which he remarks that immediately after leaving the Delaware, both his own health and the health of Mrs. B. began to exhibit signs of improvement. His voice had strengthened, and healthy action had almost entirely been restored. His lady was on deck during nearly every day of the voyage, and for a series of years her health had not given such promises of ultimate restoration. They will return early this autumn.

Effects of the Drought.

The appearance of the country, says the Troy Whig of Saturday, between this city and Lebanon is melancholy in the extreme. So excessive is the drought, that the color of the fields is precisely the same as at midwinter. Upon what sustenance the farmers support their cattle and stock generally, we are at a loss to imagine, since few or none were in sight from the road. The fine market gardens in the vicinity of this city are almost totally ruined, and thus many thousand dollars lost to their industrious proprietors. A country so thoroughly parched up we have never seen before, and fervently trust we never may again.

Philadelphia County.

This county contains, according to the last census, 258,000 people. It also contains 6,341 horses, 11,988 neat cattle, 2,781 sheep, and 13,132 swine! According to the late inaccurate statistics taken, it raises 66,980 bushels of wheat, 165,334 of corn, and 249,817 of potatoes! The amount of hay raised is estimated at 21,234 tons, and the value of the products of the diary is stated at $222,912! Well done Philadelphia!

Furs and Skins.

The Buffalo Advertiser says,—"There has been received since the opening of navigation 2016 packs of fine furs, and 1346 packs of deer and elk skins, making in all 3367 packages. To show the value and importance of these articles, we will merely mention that one invoice, consisting of 36 hhds. and boxes, was appraised at the Custom-house in Canada at $45,000.

Fiscal Bank Bill.

Passage of the Bank Bill—Carried to President on Saturday—Uncertainty of its Fate—Great Chance of a Veto—Opinion of the National Gazette—Provisions of the Bank Bill in Full.

It will be seen, by referring to the Congressional News, that the Bank Bill passed the House of Representatives on Friday last, *in precisely the same condition in which it came from the Senate.* On Saturday the Bill was carried up to the President, who desired the bearer to note the time—twenty minutes past one—as it might be important. There is great uncertainty respecting its fate, but, as it has now been several days in the President's hands, without being signed, the opinion gains ground that it will be vetoed. This is the conclusion to which we—as an independent neutral press—have arrived. We have examined the Washington correspondence of nearly thirty journals—Whig, Opposition and Neutral—and the general opinion of the writers is, that the President will not sign the Bill. The tone of the leading Whig Presses also favors this idea, for while some of them already begin to censure the President, as departing from the footsteps of Harrison,—a thing they would scarcely do, so long as they thought the Bill would be signed—others of them explicitly state their conviction that the Bill, in its present shape, will be vetoed. Among the latter class is the National Gazette of this city. That journal says, it can safely aver, on the authority of one who knows the President's opinion *since the passage of the Bill,* that a veto will in due time be sent into Congress. The justice or injustice of such a resolution, on the part of the President, will be canvassed as each one's party inclinations may lead him. We rejoice that the mammoth size of our sheet enables us to present our readers with this bill in full—a few only of the sections, and those *merely formal* having been abridged. It is below. Before introducing the Bill, however, we cannot help noticing the difference in the reasons which induced J. Q. Adams, and H. A. Wise, both prominent men in the Whig party to vote against the Bill; the first opposing it because he thought Mr. Clay's amendments yielded too much to states' rights, and the latter opposing it because he considered the same amendment hostile to the independence of the States.

Section 1. There shall be a Fiscal Bank established in the District of Columbia, with a capital of thirty millions of dollars, one third to be subscribed by the United States, and two thirds by individuals, companies, or States. Congress may add twenty millions to the stock after January 1st, 1851,—one third to be subscribed by the U. States.

Sec. 2. Subscriptions shall be opened in each State, and in all the principal towns, (naming them,) on the 1st day of September next, to remain open twenty days, the list of subscriptions shall be transmitted to the commissioners at Washington, where, if enough is not subscribed, the books shall remain open.

Sec. 3. There shall be paid ten dollars per share at the time of subscribing, and the rest at time fixed during the twelve months following Sept. 1st, 1841.

Sec. 4. If any subscriber shall not be awarded so many shares as he subscribed for, the ten dollars paid on shares shall be returned. The Commissioners shall receive a reasonable compensation for their services.

Sec. 5. The stock cannot be transferred until the second instalment shall have been paid.

Sec. 6. The Secretary of the Treasury shall subscribe for ten millions of the stock, to be paid for in specie or five per cent. stocks, (how long to run not said). If there shall remain not more than one third of the twenty millions, not subscribed for on the 20th of Dec. next, the Secretary may also take that.

Sec. 7. The subscribers shall be a corporation; may hold lands, &c. to continue until June 1, 1862.

Sec. 8. The Bank shall be controlled by nine Directors; three appointed by the President of the United States with the consent of the Senate, and six chosen by the stockholders at Washington, on the 1st Monday of January. The Directors shall choose one of their number President; "*Provided always,* That no member of Congress, or of the respective State Legislatures, and no officer or contractor of the Federal or State Governments, shall be a director in said Bank or branches, and that no person being a director in the Fiscal Bank of the United States, or any of its branches, shall be a director in any other Bank; and should any such director act as a director in any other Bank, it shall forthwith vacate his appointment in the direction of the Fiscal Bank of the United States."

Sec. 9. The manner of the election of Directors. The Bank shall go into operation as soon as six million five hundred thousand dollars shall have been paid in by the general subscribers.

Sec. 10. The Directors have power to appoint clerks, &c.

Sec. 11. And be it further enacted, That the following rules, restrictions, limitations and provisions, shall form and be fundamental articles of the constitution of said corporation, to wit:

1st. The number of votes to which the stockholders shall be entitled, in voting for directors, shall be according to the number of shares he, she or they, respectively, shall hold, in the proportions following, that is to say; for one share, and not more than two shares, one vote; for every two shares, above two, and not exceeding ten, one vote; for every four shares, above ten and not exceeding thirty, one vote; for every six shares above thirty, and not exceeding sixty, one vote; for every eight shares above sixty, and not exceeding one hundred, one vote; for every ten shares above one hundred, one vote; but no person, copartnership, or body politic, shall be entitled to a greater number than sixty votes; and after the first election no share or shares shall confer the right of voting, which shall not have been holden three calendar months previous to the day of election; no proxy to any officer of the Bank, of more than ninety days' standing, shall be valid; no proxy shall have a right to give more than three hundred votes; and stockholders actually resident citizens of the United States, and none others, may vote in elections by proxy or otherwise; any person holding a proxy may be required by any stockholder, at the time of voting, to make oath that he believes his principal, in whose behalf he votes, to be bona fide holder of the share or shares, and that no transfer has been made for the purpose of evading the scale of voting established by this act.

2d. Not more than five sixths of the directors elected by the stockholders, who shall be in office at the time of an annual election, shall be elected for the succeeding year; and no director shall hold his office for more than five years out of six in succession; but the director who may be President at the time of an election may always be re-appointed, or selected, as the case may be.

3d. None but a stockholder, resident citizens, shall be a director. Not more than two directors shall be elected, and not more than one appointed, out of any one State; and they shall be paid by said Bank such reasonable compensation for their services as the stockholders, at their annual meeting, shall direct; but the salary of the President shall be fixed by the directors.

4th. Not less than five directors shall constitute a board for the transaction of business, of whom the President shall always be one, and at least three of the five shall be of the directors elected by the stockholders: and in case of sickness or necessary absence of the President, his place shall be supplied by any other director whom he, by writing under his hand, shall depute for that purpose: and the director so deputed may do and transact all the necessary business belonging to the office of the President of the said corporation, during the continuance of the sickness or necessary absence of the President.

5th. A number of stockholders, not less than sixty, who, together, shall be proprietors of one thousand shares, or upwards, shall have power at any time to call a general meeting of the stockholders, for purposes relative to the institution, giving at least four weeks' notice in the public newspapers of the place where the Bank is seated, and specifying in such notice the object or objects of such meeting.

6th. Each Cashier or Treasurer, before he enters upon the duties of his office, shall be required to give bond, with two or more sureties, to the satisfaction of the directors, in a sum not less than fifty thousand dollars, with a condition for his good behavior, and the faithful performance of his duties to the corporation.

7th. The lands, tenements, and hereditaments, which it shall be lawful for the said corporation to hold, shall be only such as shall be requisite for its immediate accommodation, in relation to the convenient transaction of its business, and such as shall have been purchased at sales upon judgments or decrees, which shall have been obtained for debts due, or as have been bona fide mortgaged to it by way of security: *Provided,* that no loan shall be made on the security of the real estate; nor shall the said corporation hold any one parcel of such lands or tenements, not necessary for the convenient transaction of its business, for a longer period than five years.

8th. The total amount of debts which said corporation shall at any time owe, whether by bond, bill, note, or other contract, over and above the debt or debts due for money deposited in the Bank, shall not exceed the sum of twenty-five millions of dollars, unless the contracting of any greater debt shall have been previously authorized by law. In case of excess the directors under whose administration it shall happen, shall be liable for the same in their natural and private capacities; and an action of debt may, in such case, be brought against them, or any of them, their, or any of their heirs, executors or administrators, in any Court of Record of the United States, by any creditor or creditors of the said corporation, and may be prosecuted to judgment and execution, any condition, covenant or agreement, to the contrary notwithstanding; but this provision shall not be construed to exempt the said corporation, or the lands, tenements, goods or chattels of the same, from being also liable for, and chargeable with, the said excess. Such of the said directors as may have been absent when the said excess was contracted or created, or who may have dissented from the resolution or act whereby the same was so contracted or created, may respectively exonerate themselves from being so liable by forthwith giving notice of the fact, and of their absence or dissent, to the President of the United States, and to the stockholders at a general meeting, which they shall have power to call for that purpose.

9th. The said corporation shall not directly or indirectly deal or trade in any thing except bills of exchange, gold or silver coin, or bullion, or goods, or lands purchased on execution, sued out on judgments, or decrees obtained for the benefit of said bank, or taken bona fide in the payments of debts due it, or goods which shall be the proceeds of its lands. It shall not be at liberty to purchase any public debt whatever, nor make any loan upon the pledge thereof, nor shall it take more than at the rate of six per centum per annum, for or upon its loans or discounts; nor shall the board of directors of the said corporation make donations or presents of its funds to any officer or director for any purpose whatever.

10th. No loan shall be made by the said corporation for the use or on account of the Government of the United States, to an amount exceeding one million of dollars, nor for any period exceeding one hundred and eighty days, or on account of any particular State, to an amount exceeding one hundred thousand dollars, or for any period exceeding one hundred and eighty days, unless previously authorized by a law of the United States.

11th. The stock of the said corporation shall be assignable and transferable, according to such rules as shall be instituted in that behalf by the laws and ordinances of the same. *Provided,* No assignment or transfer of stock shall at any time be made to others than citizens of the United States, or corporations or companies of the several States, or of the United States or Territories thereof; and if otherwise made, the same shall be declared void, and the stock so unlawfully transferred shall be forfeited, and accrue to the surplus fund of the bank.

12th. The bills obligatory and of credit, under the seal of said corporation, which shall be made to any person or persons, shall be assignable by endorsement thereupon, under the hands of such person or persons, and his, or her, or their executors, or administrators, and his, or her, or their assignee or assignees, and so as absolutely to transfer and vest the property thereof in each and every assignee or assignees successively—and to enable each assignee or assignees, and his, or her, or their executors, or administrators, to maintain an action thereupon, in his, or her, or their own names: *Provided,* That said corporation shall not make any bill obligatory, or of credit, or other obligation under its seal, for the payment of a sum less than five thousand dollars, or for a longer period than one year.

13th. All bills or notes issued by order of the said corporation, signed by the President and countersigned by the principal cashier, or treasurer thereof, promising the payment of money to any person or persons, his, her or their order, or to bearer, although not under the seal of said corporation, shall be binding and obligatory upon the same, in like manner, and with like force and effect as upon any natural person or persons, if issued by him, her, or them, in his, her, or their private or natural capacity or capacities, and shall be assignable and negotiable in like manner as if they were so issued by such natural person or persons; that is to say, those which shall be payable to any person or persons, his, her, or their order, shall be assignable by endorsement, in like manner, and with the like effect as foreign bills of exchange now are; and those which are payable to bearer, shall be assignable and negotiable by delivery only: *Provided,* That all bills of notes issued by said corporation shall be made payable on demand.

14th. Half yearly dividends may be made of so much of the profits of the bank as shall appear to the directors advisable, not exceeding three and a half per cent. for any one half year. When a surplus beyond that limit shall have accumulated in the said bank to an amount exceeding two millions of dollars, the excess beyond that sum and beyond the annual dividends, as such excess accrues, shall be annually transferred and paid over to the Treasurer of the United States; and, upon the expiration of this charter, any surplus which may be in the said bank, after the payments of dividends as aforesaid, and after reimbursing the capital of the stockholders, shall, in like manner, be paid into the Treasury of the United States. If the dividends shall, in any half year, fall below the above limitation of three and a half per cent. the Secretary of the Treasury shall, out of the surpluses which shall have been previously paid over to the Treasurer, but out of no other funds in the Treasury of the United States, pay a sum sufficient to make up the deficiency. The directors shall make no dividends, except from the net profits arising from the business of the corporation, and shall not, at any time, or in any manner, pay to the stockholders, or any of them, any part of the capital stock of the said corporation; nor shall they, at any time, or in any way or manner, reduce the capital stock of the said corporation, without the consent of congress; nor shall the said directors, either of the said principal bank or of any branch or office of discount and deposit, or any agency, discount, or suffer to be discounted, or receive in payment, or suffer to be received in payment, any note or other evidence of debt, as a payment of or upon any instalment of the said capital stock actually called for and required to be paid, or with the intent of providing the means of making such payment; nor shall any of the directors receive or discount, or suffer to be received or discounted, any note or other evidence of debt, with intent of enabling any stockholder to withdraw any part of the money paid in by him on his stock; nor shall the said directors apply, or suffer to be applied, any portion of the funds of the said corporation, directly or indirectly, to the purchase of shares of its own stock; nor shall the said directors, or any of them, receive as a security for any loan or discount, or in payment or in satisfaction of any debt due to the said corporation, except in the necessary course of collection of debts previously contracted in a bona fide manner, in the ordinary course of its banking operations, and actually due and unpaid, any shares of the capital stock of the said corporation; and any shares of the said capital stock, so received in payment of any such debts, shall be, in good faith, sold and transferred from the hands and ownership of the said corporation, within ten months from the time of its transfer to and reception by the same, in the manner and for the purposes aforesaid; nor shall the said directors, or any of them, receive from any other banking or other stock corporation, shares of the stock of any such banking or other stock corporation—or any notes, bonds, or other evidences of debt issued by or upon the credit of such corporation, in exchange for the shares of stock, notes, bonds, or other evidences of debt of the corporation created by this act.

And the said directors, in determining what are "net profits" of the said corporation from which the dividends allowed by this article may be made, shall first deduct from the profits of the business of the said corporation all expenses paid or incurred, both ordinary and extraordinary, attending the management of the affairs and the transaction of business of the said corporation; all interest paid, or then accrued, due and unpaid, on debts owing by the said corporation; and all losses sustained by the said corporation; and in the computation of such losses, all debts owing to the corporation shall be included which shall have remained due, without prosecution, and no interest shall have been paid thereon, for more than one year; or on which judgments shall have been recovered that shall have remained for more than two years unsatisfied, and on which no interest shall have been paid during that period. If there shall be a failure in the payment of any part of the sum subscribed to the capital of the said bank, the stockholder so delinquent shall lose the benefit of any dividend which may have accrued prior to the time for making such payment, and during the delay of the same.

15th. Once in every year the directors shall lay before the stockholders, at a general meeting, or publish for their information, an exact and particular statement of the debts which shall remain unpaid after the expiration of the original credit, and of the surplus of the profits, if any, after deducting losses and dividends.

16th. The directors of the said corporation shall establish one competent office of discount and deposit in any State in which two thousand shares shall have been subscribed, or may be held, whenever, upon application of the Legislature of such State, Congress may by law require the same. And the said directors may also establish one or more competent offices of discount and deposit in any Territory or District of the United States, and in any State with the assent of such State; and when established, the said office or offices shall be only withdrawn or removed by the said directors prior to the expiration of this charter, with the previous assent of Congress: *Provided,* in respect to any State which shall not at the first session of the Legislature thereof held after the passage of this act, by resolution or other usual legislative proceeding, unconditionally assent or dissent to the establishment of such office or offices within it, such assent of the said State shall be thereafter presumed.—*And provided, nevertheless,* That whenever it shall become necessary and proper for carrying into execution any of the powers granted by the Constitution, to establish an office or offices in any of the States whatever, and the establishment thereof shall be directed by law, it shall be the duty of the said directors to establish such office or offices accordingly. And the said directors shall have power to commit the management of the said offices and the business thereof, respectively, to such persons, and under such regulations, as they may deem proper, not being contrary to law or to this charter. Or, instead of establishing such offices, it shall be lawful for the directors of the said corporation, from time to time, to employ any agent or agents, or any other bank or banks to be approved by the Secretary of the Treasury, at any place or places that the said directors may deem safe and proper, to manage and transact the business proposed as aforesaid, other than for the purposes of discount, and to perform the duties hereinafter required of the said corporation, to be managed and transacted by such officers, under such agreements and subject to such regulations as they shall deem just and proper. Not more than nine, nor less than five managers or directors of every office, established as aforesaid, shall be annually appointed by the directors of the corporation, to serve one year. The said managers or directors shall choose a president from their own number; they shall be citizens of the United States, and residents of the State, Territory or District wherein such office is established; and at least one of the said managers or directors shall be ineligible to re-appointment at the end of every first and each succeeding year; but the president may be always re-appointed.

17th. The officer at the head of the Treasury Department of the United States shall be furnished from time to time, as often as he may require, not exceeding once a week, with such statements of the condition and business of the said corporation as he may specially direct; and he shall also have a right to inspect, or cause to be inspected, by some one by him duly authorized, all the books, papers and accounts of the said corporation, of every kind, including the accounts of individuals, and to make, or cause to be made, an examination into the affairs, transactions, and condition of the corporation; and the condition of the bank shall be published monthly, in such manner, and with such particularity as the Secretary of the Treasury shall direct. And the said bank, and its offices of discount and deposit, shall be open at all times to the full and unrestricted inspection and examination of a Committee of either House of Congress, a Committee of the stockholders, and to each and all of the directors of the bank. And, for the purpose of securing a full and unrestricted inspection and examination as aforesaid, the Secretary of the Treasury, or any one by him duly authorised, or a Committee of either House of Congress, may respectively summon and examine, under oath, all the directors, officers, or agents of the said corporation, and of any branch or agency thereof, and such other witnesses as they may think proper in relation to the affairs, transactions, and condition of the corporation; and any such director, officer, agent, or other person, who shall refuse, without justifiable cause, to appear and testify when thereto required, as aforesaid, shall, on conviction, be subject to a fine not exceeding one thousand dollars, and imprisonment for a term not exceeding one year. And upon the question of any loan or discount exceeding one thousand dollars, where the same is granted, if any member shall dissent, the vote shall be taken by ayes and noes, and shall be entered on the books of the bank, and be subject to the same inspection as the other proceedings of said bank; and no part of the proceedings of the bank, nor any loans, discounts, or payments made by it, nor any order given by it, shall be concealed or kept secret from the government directors, nor shall said directors be excluded from the free and full participation in all the transactions and business of the institution.

18th. No note shall be issued of a less denomination than five dollars; but Congress may hereafter, if it shall think fit, restrain the lowest denomination of notes to ten dollars; nor shall the said bank knowingly increase the amount of the debts due to it, when the notes in circulation exceed three times the amount of specie in its vaults; and whenever such excess takes place, it shall be the duty of the said corporation to return to such proportion as speedily as shall be safe and practicable.

19th. The debts due and becoming due to said bank shall never, at any one time, exceed the amount of the capital stock actually paid in, and seventy-five per cent. advance thereon.

20th. No paper shall be discounted or any loan made by said bank for a longer period than one hundred and eighty days; nor shall any note, or bill, or other debt, or evidence of debt, be renewed or extended by any engagement or contract of said bank, after the time for which it was negotiated shall have expired.

21st. The said bank shall not hold any public debt or stocks, or the stocks of any incorporated institution, unless taken for the security or in satisfaction of debts previously contracted.

22d. The said bank shall not pay out the notes of any other bank, or any thing except legal coin, or its own notes.

23d. The directors of the said bank shall not, within the District of Columbia, discount any promissory note or bill of exchange, nor make any loan whatever, except it be a loan to the Government of the United States according to the provisions of the law.

24th. All notes or bills, adapted and intended to circulate as money, shall be prepared under the direction of the parent institution at Washington, shall be signed as heretofore provided for, and shall be made payable at the banking house in Washington, or at some one of the offices of discount and deposit, to be specified on the face of the note or bill, except notes of a denomination not exceeding ten dollars, which may be signed by the President and Cashier of any office of discount and deposit at which they may be issued and made payable, but shall, nevertheless, be prepared at and authorized by the parent institution at Washington. And no notes or bills but such as are prepared and signed as aforesaid, shall be issued by any of the said offices of discount and deposit: *Provided,* That nothing herein contained shall be so construed as to prohibit the said offices from selling drafts for fifty dollars and upwards, each, drawn and intended for the purpose of remittance.

The notes or bills of the said corporation, although the same be upon their face, respectively, made payable at a particular place only, shall, nevertheless, be received by the said corporation, or at any of its offices of discount and deposit, when tendered in liquidation or payment of any debt or balance due to said corporation.

25th. The officers of the corporation shall not be permitted to borrow money from the said corporation, or contract any debt therewith in any manner whatever; and no note or bill, of which such officer, is maker, drawer, endorser, acceptor, or otherwise a party, shall be discounted: *Provided,* That the entire liability of any one director of any of said officers to said corporation may exist to an amount not exceeding ten thousand dollars: *And provided also,* That no note or bill shall be discounted for any member of either House of Congress of the U. States.

Sec. 12. If the corporation, or any person for it, shall deal in goods or trade in articles not authorized, the person by whose order such act shall be performed, and all concerned in the same, shall forfeit treble the value of the goods, &c. unlawfully dealt in.

Sec. 13. If the corporation shall loan the U. States more than one million of dollars, or any State more than one hundred thousand dollars, the person by whose order, &c. and all concerned, shall forfeit treble the amount so illegally loaned.

Sec. 14. And be it further enacted, That the bills or notes of the said corporation originally made payable, or which shall have become payable on demand, shall be receivable in all payments to the United States, unless by act of Congress: *Provided, however,* That if the said bank, or any of its branches, shall at any time suspend specie payments, or shall neglect or refuse to discharge, on demand, any and all of its liabilities in specie, then its bills or notes shall not, during such suspensions, be received in payment of any debt or demand of the United States; and such suspension of specie payments shall be held and adjudged a cause of forfeiture of the charter hereby granted.

Sec. 15. And be it further enacted, That during the continuance of this act, and whenever required by the Secretary of the Treasury, the said corporation shall give the necessary facilities for transferring the public funds from place to place within the United States, or the territories thereof, and for distributing the same in payment of the public creditors, and shall also do and perform the several respective duties formerly required of the pension agents and commissioners of loans for the several States, or of any one or more of them, without charging commissions or claiming allowances on account of difference of exchange.

Sec. 16. *And be it further enacted,* That the deposits of the money of the United States in places in which the said bank and branches thereof may be established, shall be made in said bank or branches thereof, unless Congress shall otherwise direct by law, and that all public moneys in deposit in said bank, or standing on its books to the credit of the Treasurer, shall be taken, and deemed to be in the Treasury of the United States, and all payments made by the Treasurer shall be in checks drawn on said Bank: Provided, That if the said bank shall suspend specie payments during the recess of Congress, it shall be the duty of the Secretary of the Treasury to provide for the safe keeping of the public moneys until the action of Congress can be had thereon, and he shall report the same to Congress on the first day of the session next after such suspension.

Sec. 17. *And be it further enacted,* That the said corporation shall not at any time suspend or refuse payment in gold and silver coin of any of its notes, bills, or obligations, nor of any moneys received upon deposit in said bank, or any of its offices of discount and deposit; and if the said corporation shall at any time refuse or neglect to pay on demand any bill, note, or obligation, issued by the corporation according to the contract, promise, or undertaking therein expressed, or shall neglect or refuse to pay, on demand, any moneys received in said bank, or in any of its offices aforesaid, on deposit, to the person or persons entitled to receive the same, then and in every such case the holder of any such note, bill, or obligation, or the person or persons entitled to demand and receive such moneys as aforesaid, shall respectively be entitled to receive and recover interest on the said bills, notes, obligations, or moneys, until the same shall be fully paid and satisfied, at the rate of twelve per cent. per annum, from the time of such demand aforesaid: *Provided,* That Congress may, at any time hereafter, enact laws enforcing and regulating the recovery of the amount of the notes, bills, obligations, or other debts, of which payment shall have been refused as aforesaid, with the rate of interest above mentioned, vesting jurisdiction for that purpose in any courts of the United States or Territories thereof, as they may deem expedient.

Sec. 18. Persons forging the obligations of the Bank shall be felons, and shall be imprisoned at hard labor not less than three nor more than ten years, or imprisoned not exceeding ten years and fined five thousand dollars.

Sec. 19. Persons who shall furnish plates or paper for the purpose of forgery, shall be imprisoned not more than five years, and fined not more than one thousand dollars.

Sec. 20. If any officer or agent of the Bank shall embezzle any of its funds, such persons shall be fined at the discretion of the Court, and imprisoned not exceeding six years.

Sec. 21. No other Bank shall be established by Congress during the continuance of the present charter.

Sec. 22. If the subscriptions and payments are not made so that the Bank can commence operations on or before first Monday of April next, then Congress may within one year after that time declare this act null and void.

Sec. 23. When a committee of either House of Congress shall report that the charter has been violated, or the President of the United States have reason to believe that it has been violated, a *scire facias* may be issued by which the case shall be brought before the Circuit Court of the United States and a jury, when the corporation shall show cause why the charter shall not be forfeited.

Sec. 24. If the Bank attempts an unlawful business, the Circuit Court for the District of Columbia, on application of the District Attorney, acting by direction of Congress or the President, to issue an injunction prohibiting such transaction; but no final decrees shall be passed, until the issues have been found by a jury.

The Fine Arts.

The Statue of Washington, by Greenough, which has just arrived in this country, is spoken of by those who have seen it, as one of the best specimens of statuary ever produced by an American. A recent foreign journal contains an interesting description of this work of art, from the pen of a continental traveller, and, as the writer is obviously a traveller, we may rely on him as little likely to be prejudiced in favor of an American. We therefore quote his remarks. We are proud of our countryman's achievements,—we are proud that it is acknowledged in Italy,—but, most of all, we are proud that Congress has engaged his labors in the production of so noble a theme as a Statue of Washington. The Tourist says:

"Arrived at Florence, my ears rang with the fame of two American sculptors: Greenough and Powers. I knew the Americans write beautiful poetry, and therefore I did not see why they should not be capable of producing marble epics: at all events their advent was a sort of Heliacal rising of Italy, which is at once the cradle and the tomb of the arts; and as I have a strong presentiment that *ancient America*, in the myriad century revolutions of time will one day be talked of as we talk of ancient Rome, I had great curiosity to see the first launching of her children's presents to posterity; still I had my doubts, for I heard that both these artists excelled in busts, and I take it that the perpetuating human ugliness, or even human beauty, on canvass or in marble, is the utter destruction of the ideal, which is the soul or essence of either art, as it may be said of sculptors and painters that devote themselves exclusively to this sort of *effigy-ic* colonization, what has already been said of Cardinal Mazarin and Sir Robert Walpole—i. e. that "they would do mean things for profit and never thought of doing great ones for glory." I had met Powers previous to visiting his studio, and a finer face it is not possible to conceive, or one more overflowing with genius and imagination; there is an almost superhuman lustre in his eyes, which gives one an idea that they in themselves contain a creative power, and that he could look a soul into the images he forms. From the impression I received from the man, and the high-wrought expectations I formed of his works, it would have been next to a miracle if I had not been disappointed in his studio. As for his busts, the power of art, almost of nature, can no further go; but I sadly missed what one always seeks in an artist's studio—*the ideal*. There were but two attempts at it—a head of Rogers's Genevra, which told nothing of that exquisite story, and being much older than the poet's youthful creation, might have passed for Cornelia or any other Roman matron; the other was a statue of Eve still in the clay, the figure was beautifully moulded; more beautiful, I think, than that of Venus in the Tribune. But the attitude is ungraceful, that of the right elbow resting on the hip as she holds out an apple; and while every feature in the face is perfect, the face itself, like the face of Genevra, has the fault of being too discreet and expressing nothing. Why does not such an artist leave dull realities, and draw a little upon the imagination that I feel sure he must possess! Truly may it be said, "blessed are those who do not expect," for where I expected to be disappointed I was more than delighted. I had heard much, so much, of Greenough's colossal statue of Washington, that I thought it utterly impossible that it could produce an effect upon me proportionate to the praises I had heard bestowed upon it, especially as I remembered the almost disgust with which I had looked at Thorwaldsen's modern statue—that is, modernly dressed statue of Lord Byron, and, to say the least of it, Washington, particularly when magnified, was a more unpoetical, therefore a more difficult subject. But the manner in which Grenough has executed his almost impossible task is only another proof that genius can infuse a magic into the commonest and most common place things, just as a man was a mass of inanimate clay "of the earth earthy," till God breathed immortality into him, and so formed him after his own image. Nothing can be more human, and at the same time more godlike, than this colossal statue of Washington. It is a sort of domestic Jupiter—the sublime repose and simplicity of the whole figure, united, as it is, with exceeding energy of expression, is perfectly classical, without the slightest *abstract imitation*, for the artist seems to have embodied Seneca's admirable advice as to style—*similem esse te volo, quomodo filium, non quomodo imaginem*, as there is no mistaking the lineage of this statue. Being intended to fill the central position in the capital of the United States, he has addressed the statue of Washington to a distant posterity, and made it rather a poetical abstract of his whole career, than the chronicler of any one deed, or any one leading feature of his life. He is, therefore, seated as chief magistrate, and extends with his left hand a sword, the emblem of his military command, towards the people; as a sovereign, he points heavenward with his right hand; by this double gesture is conveyed an entire abrogation of self, and making the patriot a conductor, as it were, between God and man.

The chair in which he is seated, being too large to be left inside, tells its history. The superior part is richly ornamented with acanthus, and garlands of flowers, while the base is solid, simple and massive, which plainly indicates that high cultivation is the proper result of sound government, and that nations, when well planted and well tilled, must flourish as well as grow. By the figure of Columbus, which leans against the back of the chair on the left side, is connected the history of America with that of Europe, while that of the Indian chief on the right is emblematic of the state America was in when civilization first dawned upon it! The bas-relief on the right side of the chair, which was the first crest of the American National Arms, is the rising sun, under which is inscribed, *Magnus ab integro saeclorum nascitur ordo*. The relievo on the left side represents the genii of North and South America, under the forms of the infants Hercules and Iphiclus, the latter shrinking in dread, whilst the former struggles successfully with the obstacles and dangers of an incipient political existence. The motto for this bas-relief is, *Incipe parve puer cui non risere parentes*. In this statue, Greenough has achieved a glorious work, and one that cannot fail to reach its destination—namely, the distant posterity to which it is addressed. Though he modestly says, that, like the modern Italian artists, he fears he should have contented himself with the sleepy and indifferent toil of the studio, had not the confidence of his countrymen—who are unrivalled in hoping great things, and truly in this instance their hope will be verified—called him to the execution of a monument, which awoke every stronger and better feeling of his nature. Having triumphantly passed the most critical and unsparing of all ordeals—that of a people "whose sympathy for art is nearly exhausted, while their connoisseurship is in full vigor," he says he is not the less anxious for its fate in his own country, for that here it has been like an opera, of which they do not understand or feel the words, and there it will be the words that will be thoroughly examined, for of music they have less knowledge. If this be true, so much the better for him, for he may depend upon its speaking a most stirring language to every heart in his "father land." Greenough is equally successful in busts, and his statues of children are perfect gems, especially two—one a little girl of the Austrian ambassadress, a dear little child, about three years old, beautifully formed, though as a beauty she does not promise to equal her very beautiful and charming mother. The artist has thrown the most fairy-like poetry into the attitude of the child, whom he has represented in a half-recumbent posture, intently gazing upon a butterfly that has settled on her hand; the expression of the child's face is perfectly beautiful, as the little creature looks as if she were scanning her own white-winged soul. The other is a statue of one of the children of one of his compatriots, a son of Colonel Thompson—the attitude is that of an infant Cephalus, and the whole figure is so *classe* that it looks as if it had been achieved at one electric stroke of the chisel, and not completed by degrees. As you look at it, it actually appears to dart from you into some invisible thicket. America may well be proud of the artists she has produced, as there is another young American artist at Florence, of the name of Clewenger, whose busts are wonderful as to likeness and execution, but he has as yet attempted nothing in the higher walks of art."

From Buenos Ayres.

By the barque Sardinia, Capt. Lindsay, we have Buenos Ayres dates of the 19th of June.

A mutiny broke out on the night of the 14th on board the Riverista, barque of war Twenty-fifth May, one of Commodore Coe's squadron, in the harbor of Monte Video. The native portion of the crew commenced an attack upon the officers who were soon joined by the foreign seamen, amounting to 45 in number. A brisk fire of musketry and pistols was opened and kept up for an hour between the parties, when the officers were further reinforced by the crew of three boats manned from the squadron. They then rushed upon the mutineers and after some resistance overcame them. It is reported that thirty were killed on both sides, including three officers, and a considerable number wounded—eight of the mutineers were shot the next morning. It is said Monte Video papers of a late date are silent respecting the mutiny.

On the next night another Riverista brig of war was observed to be on fire, and before the flames were extinguished she was so burnt as to be rendered useless.

Commodore Coe in his corvette and the barque Twenty-fifth May, sailed from Monte Video on the 16th.

The Argentine Squadron, under the command of Admiral Brown, expected to sail in a few days from Buenos Ayres.

It is understood that General Echague has opened the campaign in Corrientes.

New Publications.

SOUTHERN LITERARY MESSENGER, *for July and August, 1841.*—This is a double number. The leading paper is on "Spain," and is evidently written by a writer acquainted with his subject, and capable of removing much of the prejudice which now exists respecting that country.

The principal story is "The Clarionet," by W. Carleton, an author less known here than in England. It is owing perhaps to this fact that the present tale is put forth by the editor, and endorsed by several of our literary papers as an original production, and our friends of the New Yorker, have even gone so far as to wonder how Mr. White can afford to purchase such an article. But we can assure them that the "Clarionet" is an old story across the water, and that the same author has written others equally as fine, and equally as worthy of republication. When we mention the titles of "Jane Sinclair," "The Fawn of Spring-vale," and "The Dream of a Broken Heart," every literary man will at once admit the truth of our assertion. Let us on this point be understood—we do not object to the re-publication of old English tales in our Magazines—we only protest against the attempt to pass them off as original. We cordially recommend "The Clarionet" to the perusal of our friends. It is one of the simplest, but most exquisite stories ever written.

Park Benjamin graces this number with an excellent article on L. E. L. His paper is a proud tribute to the genius of that sweet poetess. This essay alone is worth the price of the number.

There is an essay on Leigh Hunt, by H. T. Tuckerman, a pleasant, though not very profound writer—some exquisite poetry entitled 'Early Lays' by Simms the novelist—a graphic description of sea-life from "The Journal of an American Naval Officer"—and a host of other articles, prose and poetical, of whose merits we have not space to speak, except that many of them are good, and some inferior even to paltriness. But, compared with its cotemporaries, the Messenger is a good, a very good Magazine.

One fault we cannot help noticing, but it pertains to the business, rather than to the editorial department.—*The Messenger never reaches Philadelphia in time—generally a week after it arrives in New York.* Why is this?

THE SECRET FOE—*by Ellen Pickering*—2 vols—*Carey & Hart.*—Miss Pickering, though not in the first class of novelists, is far superior to the generality of the writers, who now flourish. Indeed her "Nan Darrell" is a work of extraordinary merit, when we take into consideration the circumstances of its composition,—and the present romance is in no wise inferior, but rather superior, to her former work. Many of the characters of "The Secret Foe" are well drawn, especially those of Cromwell, Fitzmaurice, Edith, and her cousin. The demeanor of the fugitive Charles, however, is too much like that of the same personage in Woodstock. We should say, indeed, that, while many of Miss Pickering's characters are life-like, her *forte* does not lie in this department of the novelist's duty. She is better in incident, in description, in the hurry of the plot—and, so far forth, she resembles the old comedians. Many of her scenes are drawn with thrilling power—that particularly betwixt Edith and her lover, when Maurice is about, under the orders of his commanding officer, to search the house for the fugitive king. There are others where the author has succeeded nearly as well,—and one or two where she has failed by over-working her description. As an example of this, we might instance the interview in Cromwell's cabinet betwixt the Lord General, and the supplicants for Fitzmaurice's life. Here when the plot is hurrying to the denouement, and the feelings are worked up to the utmost intensity, she protracts the scene through several chapters, filling it with conversations, which, instead of occupying a quarter of an hour—the time allowed in the tale—could not possibly have taken place in less than thrice that time. The whole of this scene, to our mind, should have been compressed into a quarter of the space, the action should have been more hurried, and the conversation more passionate, rapid, and overwhelming. The scene in "old Mortality" where Morton is condemned and reprieved by Claverhouse, may be taken as an instance to explain our meaning.

On the whole, however, this is one of the best novels of the season, and will be eagerly sought after and read. Its incident, its breathless interest, the historical characters who move in it, and the graphic style in which all this is brought before the reader, deserve high commendation from the critic.

THE LADY'S CABINET MAGAZINE—*Vol. VII. No. 11.*—This is a very entertaining periodical, composed entirely of original matter, and issued in monthly numbers of twenty-four pages, at the low price of one dollar and twenty-five cents per annum, payable in advance. It does not, however, contain embellishments. Several of the articles in this number are good. We have copied to-day "A Legend of a Log-Cabin" as a specimen. The work is published simultaneously at Albany by E. G. Squier, and at Philadelphia by J. H. Chappell.

JONATHAN'S MISCELLANY.—This is a compilation of the best articles of the Brother Jonathan, issued in a quarto form for the convenience of those who wish to preserve the journal. It is sufficient for us to say that the "Miscellany" is edited by Mr. Weld, one of the pleasant writers the corps can boast, either in New York or elsewhere. Success to him and his.

LIFE IN A WHALE SHIP—No. 9.—Those who have the former number of this story, can have the continuation by applying at Drew & Scammell's.

MOTHER'S ASSISTANT—*August.*—The title of this little monthly fully describes its purpose. The price—one dollar per annum—is so low that almost every mother can afford to take it.—*Drew & Scammell.*

Atlantic Steamers.

The success which has attended the steamship line between Liverpool and Boston, and the manner in which Mr. King, Chairman of the Committee on Naval Affairs, in his Report, treats the subject of the construction of steamships, and the establishment of American Packet Lines, have induced many of the citizens of Boston to make an effort to carry into effect the recommendation of the committee on this subject. They held a public meeting on the 17th inst. and adopted a series of resolutions, among which are the following:

Resolved, That the report recently presented to Congress by the Hon. Thomas B. King, of Georgia, Chairman of the Committee on Naval Affairs, which in the most clear and convincing manner advocates the establishment of American Lines of Steam Packets between the United States and Europe, under the patronage of Government, is alike honorable to the intelligence and patriotism of the Committee.

Resolved, That it is the sense of this meeting the measures recommended by the Committee will, at a trifling and annual expense to the Government, insure the immediate construction and equipment of a formidable fleet of Steamers, improved by American genius upon the models of Europe, which in peace will contribute to the extension of our trade, and in war will be invaluable for the defence of our wide spreading commerce and sea coasts.

Resolved, That, as citizens of Boston, we will zealously co-operate with the Government in the establishment of the contemplated Lines, particularly the line from Boston to Havre—and that we respectfully request our Representatives and Senators in Congress to advocate the immediate passage of the resolution reported by the Committee.

Illinois Horse Thieves.

The people of Ogle county are still continuing their operations against the desperate gang of horse thieves and outlaws who infest that quarter. Their proceedings now, however, are such as cannot be objected to; the offenders are caught and delivered up to the laws.

A letter dated Princeton, Illinois, July 18th, says: "The other day the citizens of our neighborhood, in company with several persons from Ogle county, went in pursuit of the horse thief Bridge, and a person named McNims, who, it was ascertained, were secreted in a house in the southeastern part of this county. The people to the number of fifty surrounded the house in the night, and waited till daylight, when Bridge and his companion surrendered at discretion and were the following night lodged in Princeton jail, together with two others who had broken jail at Oregon. The next day Bridge and McNims were escorted to Oregon by a company of armed men, delivered over to the civil authorities and examined as to their connection with the murder of Campbell. The examination resulted in their discharge, upon which they immediately left Ogle county.

"The people of Ogle county have done, I think, as much shooting as they desire at present. If the actual perpetrators of the murder of Campbell should be taken, I have no doubt they will be delivered up to be tried by the civil authorities. In the meantime the horse thieves continue their depredations. Three horses were stolen from a stable in Oregon, a few nights since. There seems indeed but little prospect of our being rid of them soon, they are so numerous and so well organised."

From Jamaica.

Jamaica papers to the 19th inst. have been received at New Orleans.

The Royal Gazette of the 8th inst. gives the particulars of a barbarous outrage on the master and one of the crew of the brig Cicero, of Baltimore, while lying off the river Cardi, in the Gulf of San Blas. On the night of the 7th of June, two of the crew commenced a mutiny by stabbing one of the seamen, who fell overboard and was drowned. The master hearing the noise jumped up and followed by the mate and supercargo, hurried to the forecastle, where he was severely wounded in the neck. The mutineers then made sail and stood out to sea, but altered their course and ran the brig on shore about the Catharine Keys, and made their escape in one of the boats. The brig was subsequently got out.

There was every prospect that the next crops would be most abundant in the Island.

Accounts from Gautemala, via Honduras, represent commercial business as very dull throughout Central America.

The authorities in Jamaica have contracted for the conveyance of all the white vagrants on the island to some part in the United States, at the rate of $16 per head.

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Postmasters are requested to *frank* their letters addressed to us. The word "*free*" of itself is not a frank.

Agents will please endorse their letters with their names or initials.

Other letters will not be taken from the Post office unless the postage is paid.

Papers discontinued only at the end of the current half year's subscription, and then only at the option of the Publisher if arrearages are due.

Small Bank Notes of solvent Banks received in payment for our bills.

Agents are earnestly solicited to make quick remittances, without which it is difficult to keep accounts correct. They should always give names and time paid for.

Any person forwarding Ten Dollars current, free of postage, in advance, will be entitled to six copies.

Removals must always state the Post-office *removed from*, as well as to which the paper is to be addressed.

Travelling Agents.

☞ JOHN H. THOMPSON, Esq. of Wheeling, Va. has been appointed agent for the Saturday Evening Post and Graham's Magazine in the place of R. J. Garwood, deceased. Subscribers at that place, and those wishing to subscribe for either periodical, will be kind enough to call on him.

☞ I. E. JAMES is our general travelling agent, assisted by O. H. P. Stem and Seth T. Brooks. Subscribers and local agents upon whom they may call will oblige us by settling with them.

☞ THOMAS SEVERN, Esq. is our travelling agent for the State of New York, for the Saturday Evening Post and Graham's Magazine, and subscribers upon whom he may call, will oblige us, by settling their accounts with him.

☞ C. W. JAMES, of Cincinnati, Ohio, our old agent is still authorised to collect and receive new subscribers in the States of Ohio and Indiana, assisted by H. M. Lewis and M. Meeker.

☞ B. G. EASTON and J. F. EASTON for Illinois, Missouri, Arkansas, Iowa and Wisconsin.

☞ W. A. PIERCE, for Pennsylvania and New Jersey.

☞ S. H. STEVENSON and JOHN F. JOHNSON for Kentucky.

☞ R. M. SMITH is our travelling agent for Maryland and Delaware.

☞ JACOB R. SENSEMAN, Esq. of Nazareth, Pa. still continues to act as our agent for the Post and Magazine.

☞ THOMAS P. SEGAR is duly constituted an agent to solicit new *subscribers* to Graham's Ladies' and Gentleman's Magazine and the Saturday Evening Post.

☞ Messrs. BRADBURY and SODEN, of Boston, Mass. will forward the names and subscription money of any of our eastern friends wishing to subscribe for the Saturday Evening Post.

☞ L. TOMKINS for the New England States. Subscribers who may be waited upon by the above gentlemen, will please liquidate their accounts at once. tf

The Money Market.

We have omitted, for several weeks, our usual article on the money market, on account of the absence of any thing in that department worthy of particular record. We have still no change of importance in money matters to notice. For the last two months, the market has been easy, the rates ranging out of doors from 7 to 10 *per cent. per annum*, according to the character of the paper. Our banks continue to discount most of the short paper of a business kind that is submitted. Much anxiety is still felt with regard to the results of the extra session of Congress. The Fiscal Bank Bill has been passed, but the doubt whether the President will sign it, exercises considerable influence on the course of affairs. Many of our most far-sighted financiers, both here and in New York, question the possibility of obtaining subscribers to stock of the Bank even if the bill should become a law. The uncertainty of the fate of the Bankrupt Bill is another matter to be noted. It passed the Senate some time ago, but has yet to be acted upon in the House. This bill, while it cannot but have an injurious tendency upon creditors in certain sections, will call into play the energies of hundreds, nay, thousands of business men throughout the Union, who have been compelled for some years, to remain in a condition of much inactivity.

The Fall Trade is somewhat more animated. A goodly number of Western merchants have arrived, and their purchases, although limited, are very fair, all things considered. Our Market street houses are cheerful, without being particularly sanguine. The West is evidently in more wholesome state than it has been for a year or two, and the effect upon the Atlantic cities is naturally salutary.

No change for the better in the United States Bank; indeed, both her stock and her notes have been worse since our last. Her paper is now at 23a24 per cent. depreciation. The case appears to be a hopeless one.

The debt of the United States, funded by the present Congress, is now in the market. Of this loan the New York American says:—"Of the twelve millions which the Secretary of the Treasury is authorised to raise by loan, it seems he only designs to borrow for immediate use about one million and a half of dollars. Of this amount he is understood to have obtained some $300,000 in Boston, probably at from 5 1-4 to 5 2-5ths interest—and $500,000 in this city, at 5½ per cent., through Messrs. Ketchum, Rogers, and Bemant, to whom the Secretary had addressed himself, and a prompt offer at the same rate for the twelve millions. This was declined.

"We cannot but think the Secretary mistakes the true interest of the Government in the mode in which he is seeking to raise this money.

"Instead of coming into market with it at the full rate of interest, and for the full amount authorised by law, which would at once make it an object for capitalists at home and abroad, he seems intent upon efforts to save a little interest by peddling out the loan in small sums and at divers places, and thus in fact depreciates the credit of the whole, and eventually will find himself obliged to pay more than if he had come forward in the usual way.

"At the present rate of exchange, say 8¼ prem. a 5½ per cent. stock, with only three years to run, cannot be used for a remittance, nor advantageously for an investment of foreign capital. A 5 per cent. stock on the other hand, even with the objection of its short time, could be so used, and with the tendency of the exchange to rise, would undoubtedly be eagerly sought."

These remarks have some truth in them, but it is also to be borne in mind that the Secretary ought to obtain the Loan at as low a rate of interest as possible, and that it does not *absolutely* follow that, by this means, he will eventually make the Loan cost more to Government than by the other course.

We are indebted to Bicknell's Reporter for the following list of

New Counterfeits.

Bank of Xenia, Xenia, Ohio.—10's spurious. Purport to be engraved by the Eastern Bank Note Co.—This company has never engraved any notes for the Bank of Xenia.

20's, some signed H. Clark, others J. Hevling Pres. All signed by these persons are spurious.

Bank of Orleans, New Orleans, La.—3's letter A, dated April 9, 1839. Engraving light and coarse. Signatures engraved and badly run over with a pen.

10's spurious. Vignette two eagles with the motto of 'Hope.'

Bank of Illinois Shawneetown, Illinois.—1's letter C, pay H. Cafe, dated June 1, 1840. Vignette an Indian watching a train of cars. Engraving coarse.

Bank of Rome, Rome, N. Y.—2's letter A, dated Sept 4, 1840. They are signed John Wood, Cashier, John Stryker, President. Note little shorter than the genuine bill.

Middletown Bank, Middletown, Ct.—5's dated August 1839, pay R. Rand, D. Ames, Jr. Cashier, C. Hubbard, President. Vignette, a ship under sail, &c. Engraving dark and poorly executed. Filling up and signatures in one hand writing.

Merchants' Exchange Bank, N. Y.—10's altered from 2's vignette a figure of Mercury: on left margin 'Hope,' &c.

Hudson River Bank.—10's letter C, various dates.—Vignette, an Indian, with his right hand erected as if in astonishment at seeing a railroad car in the distance.—Right end, railroad car, with lady and gentleman walking near it. Left end, a lady in a reclining position.—Engraved by Rawdon, Clark & Co. Albany.

Sales of Stocks.

By the Philadelphia Board of Brokers, for the week ending Thursday.

	Price sold for
79 shares United States Bank,	15a15½
81 do. Girard Bank,	27a27½
10 do. Far & Mechanics Bank,	44
31 do. Reading R R	26½a27
36 do. Camden & Amboy R R	83
14 do. Schuylkill Navigation Co.	51
$1000 State 5's 1853	85
$700 do. do. 1870	85a85½
$9400 do. do. 1865	85

A Touching and Beautiful Incident.

We know not when we have perused a more touching and beautiful little story than the following from the Hartford Courant:

It was but yesterday that a friend—a young gentleman of fine intellect, of a noble heart, and one well known to many of our readers, was suddenly snatched by the hand of death from all the endearments of life. Surrounded by every thing that could make existence pleasant and happy—a wife that idolized him—children that loved him as they only can love, and friends devoted to him—the summons came, and he lay upon the bed of death. But a few short years ago, she to whom he was wedded, placed a bridal ring upon his finger, upon the inside of which he had a few words privately engraved. The husband would never permit the giver to read them, telling her the day should come when her wish should be gratified, and she should know the secret. Seven years glided away, and a day or two since, when conscious that he must soon leave his wife forever, he called her to his bed side, and with his dying accents, told her that the hour had at last come when she should see the words upon the ring she had given him. The young mother took it from his cold finger, and, though heart stricken with grief, eagerly read the words, "*I have loved thee on earth—I will meet thee in heaven.*"

Congressional News.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 4, 1841.

In the House, a message was received from the President, stating that he has signed the bill making further provision for the support of pauper lunatics of the District; of course the rich lunatics must take care of themselves. A message was also received enclosing a communication from the Postmaster General, asking for an appropriation to complete the new post office building. It was referred to the committee on ways and means.

Mr. Sergeant offered a resolution providing that, at 12 o'clock on Friday next, all debate on the bank bill, in committee of the whole, shall cease.

After the disposal of some other matters, the House went into committee of the whole, and resumed the consideration of the National Bank bill.

In the Senate, the Fortification Bill was again taken up, and debated. The bill was ordered to be engrossed for a third reading, and then the Senate adjourned.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 5, 1841.

Yesterday evening the House went again into committee of the whole on the Bank Bill. The debate was then resumed and carried on by the opposition until 9 o'clock.

In the House, this morning, the consideration of the Bank Bill was resumed in committee of the whole, and from what was said, it is evident there will be a struggle to alter the amendments of Mr. Clay in relation to the branches, so as to leave the States without any discretionary power to refuse them. The House will probably remain in session until ten o'clock.

In the Senate, after the reception of petitions, the bill for re-chartering the Banks of this District, was taken up and passed, with the amendment allowing them to trade on the non-specie-paying bank notes until March. There appears to be some doubt as to whether the amendment will be concurred in by the House.

The House bill for fortifying the sea-coast was also taken up and passed, with sundry amendments.

The remainder of the day was taken up on the Navy Pension Bill.

WASHINGTON, August 6, 1841.

The Senate resumed the consideration of the Navy Pension Bill.

The question returned upon the engrossment of the bill as amended. Mr. Calhoun moved that the Senate do not concur in the following amendment:

That all widows, or children of all naval officers and seamen, marines, now deceased, and entitled to receive or make proof of their pensions under the act of 3d March, 1837, shall receive the same until otherwise directed by law, but no widow or children of any naval officer, seaman or marine, who may hereafter die, shall be entitled to any pension by virtue only of any provision in the said act.

Mr. Calhoun opposed this amendment, and the act of 1837 was again debated and denounced in strong terms. He wished that if this amendment was to be adopted the benefits should be limited to those now on the roll, and that no others should be proposed or added to it. Mr. Calhoun proposed an amendment to this effect, which was lost 21 to 20.

Mr. Buchanan moved to strike out from the above amendment "until otherwise directed by law," and to add thereto until the close of next session of Congress. His amendment was carried without a discussion, and the bill as amended was engrossed without a count.

The bill to distribute the proceeds arising from the sales of the public lands came up for consideration.

Mr. Archer moved an Executive Session, as there was business of importance to be considered.

The Senate then went into Executive Session, and after some time spent therein, adjourned.

HOUSE.—The House went into Committee of the Whole on the Fiscal Bank of the United States, as soon as the Journal was read. The question pending was on striking out the enacting clause.

The business in Committee of the Whole was the most orderly and best conducted of any I have seen, both before and after the debate closed. Forty amendments, material and immaterial, were proposed, and without exception every one of them was voted down. The motion to strike out Mr. Clay's compromise proposition, the only one which excited much interest, was voted down, 105 to 45.

The other amendments were rejected as fast as they were presented, and they were offered as the bill was read by sections.

Before three o'clock the bill was read through and reported to the House. The previous question was put and seconded, and the main question, the test vote, sustained, one hundred and twenty-nine to ninety-seven!

The bill being engrossed by having its precedency in the Senate was then finally passed, 128 to 97.

Yeas—Messrs. Alford, Allen, L. W. Andrews, S. J. Andrews, Arnold, Aycrigg, Babcock, Baker, Barnard, Barton, Birdseye, Black, Blair, Boardman, Borden, Botts, Briggs, Brockway, Bronson, M. Brown, J. Brown, Burnell, Wm. Butler, Calhoun, Wm. B. Campbell, Thos. J. Campbell, Caruthers, Childs, John C. Clarke, S. N. Clarke, Cowen, Cranston, Cravens, Cushing, G. Davis, Wm. C. Dawson, Deberry, John Edwards, Everett, Fessenden, Fillmore, A. L. Foster, Gamble, Gentry, Giddings, Goggin, P. G. Goode, Graham, Green, Greig, Habersham, Hall, Halstead, W. S. Hastings, Henry, Howard, Hudson, James Irvin, James, William Cost Johnson, I. D. Jones, J. P. Kennedy, King, Lane, Lawrence, Linn, Sanson, Mason, Mattocks, Maxwell, Maynard, Meriwether, Moore, Morgan, Morris, Morrow, Nisbet, Osborne, Owsley, Pearce, Pendleton, Pope, Powell, Proffit, Ramsey, Benj. Randall, A. Randall, Randolph, Rayner, Rencher, Ridgway, Rodney, Russell, Saltonstall, Sergeant, Shepherd, Simonton, Smith, Sprigg, Stanley, Stokely, Stratton, Stuart, Summers, Taliaferro, John B. Thompson, R. W. Thompson, Tillinghast, Toland, Tomlinson, Triplett, Trumbull, Underwood, Van Rensselaer, Wallace, Warren, Washington, E. D. White, J. L. White, Thomas W. Williams, Lewis Williams, C. H. Williams, J. L. Williams, Winthrop, Yorke, Augustus Young, John Young—128.

Nays—Messrs. Adams, Arrington, Atherton, Banks, Beeson, Bidlack, Bowne, Boyd, Aaron V. Brown, Chas. Browne, Burke, Sampson H. Butler, Wm. O. Butler, Green W. Caldwell, Patrick C. Caldwell, J. Campbell, Cary, Chapman, Clifford, Clinton, Coles, Cravens, Daniel, R. D. Davis, Dean, Dimock, Doan, Doig, J. C. Edwards, Egbert, Ferris, J. G. Floyd, Chas. A. Floyd, Fornance, Thos. F. Foster, Gilmer, Wm. O. Goode, Gordon, Gustine, Harris, John Hastings, Hays, Holmes, Hopkins, Houck, Houston, Hubbard, Hunter, Ingersoll, Wm. W. Irwin, Jack, Cave Johnson, John W. Jones, Keim, Andrew Kennedy, Lewis, Litchfield, Lowell, Abraham McClellan, R. McClellan, McKay, McKeon, Mallory, Marchand, A. Marshall, T. F. Marshall, J. Thompson Mason, Matthews, Medill, Miller, Newhard, Oliver, Parmenter, Patridge, Payne, Pickens, Plumer, Reding, Rhett, Riggs, Rogers, Roosevelt, Sanford, Sanders, Shaw, Shields, Snyder, Steenrod, Sweeny, Turney, Van Buren, Ward, Warterson, Weller, Westbrook, J. W. Williams, Wise, Wood—97.

The title was preserved and the bill placed this evening in the hands of the Committee of Enrolled Bills. To-morrow it will be placed in the hands of the President of the United States. Upon the final vote six friends of the bills were absent and two of its opponents.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 7, 1841.

In the House this morning we have been as busy as bees. In the first place a great number of petitions relating to a Bankrupt Law were received and referred.

Mr. McKeon presented a remonstrance from the Chamber of Commerce of New York, against the passage of a tariff bill at the present session.

Mr. Briggs, from the Post Office Committee, to whom was referred the letter of the Auditor of that Department, asking for additional clerks, reported a bill making appropriation for that object. The sum named is $15,000, and the number of new clerks proposed to be employed is thirteen. The bill was twice read and committed.

Mr. Morrow, from the Committee on Public Lands, reported a bill for altering the time for issuing Military Land Warrants. Read twice and referred.

A communication was received from the several heads of the Executive Departments, transmitting in obedience to a resolution of the House a list of all the removals since 1829, to March last, and subsequently.

After the disposal of a variety of other matters, the House went into committee of the whole, and took up the Bankrupt Bill from the Senate. But they had scarcely got into committee before they got out again, a quorum refusing to vote.

On motion of Mr. Sergeant, the committee of the whole was then discharged from the further consideration of the Senate bill, providing for the repeal of the Sub-Treasury Law. The vote was very close, viz. yeas 103, nays 102. Those Whigs who were against discharging the committee, asked to wait for the action of Mr. Tyler on the Bank bill, before they repealed the Sub-Treasury Law, because in case the former should be vetoed, and the latter passed, then the deposit act of 1836 would be in force.

But the Committee being discharged, the bill was debated in the House until three o'clock, without any action being had thereon.

The Senate bill for re-chartering the Banks of the District, was taken up, read twice, and referred to committee of the whole.

The Senate met at ten. The Navy Pension Bill was taken up, read a third time and passed.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 9, 1841.

In the House, this morning, after the journal had been read, resolutions were called from the States in their order. Among them was a resolution proposing an adjournment on the 18th of the present month.

Mr. Fillmore said he must object to it, inasmuch as the Bankrupt bill was not yet taken up. After that bill should have been acted upon, he would have no objection to an early adjournment. The resolution was consequently laid over under the rules.

Mr. Irwin introduced a bill asking an appropriation of $45,000, for the purchase of the seven sites for the erection of Marine Hospitals on the western waters, which may have been or may be selected by the President, in pursuance of the act of 5th of March, 1837. The bill was referred to the committee on Ways and Means.

The Senate bill, providing for a renewal of the charters of the District banks, was reported with an amendment. The amendment authorises the issue of seven, eight, and nine dollar notes.

After the disposal of a mass of other business, the consideration of the Senate bill for the repeal of the Independent Treasury law, was resumed.

In the Senate, after an animated debate on several resolutions of inquiry from the Departments, relative to the removal of Clerks, etc. the Distribution bill from the House was again taken up and debated through the day.

WASHINGTON, August 10, 1841.

Last evening after I closed, the debate on the Senate bill for the repeal of the Sub-Treasury law, was continued until nearly seven o'clock. The previous question was then ordered, and the bill passed by a vote of 134 to 87. There are two amendments to the bill, repealing the 13th and 14th sections of the Deposit act of 1836, in which the Senate will have to concur.

The House this morning went into committee of the whole, and took up the Senate bill to establish a uniform system of bankruptcy.

Mr. Barnard, who has charge of the bill made a speech and explanation of it, setting forth the advantages which were to result from the adoption of such a measure.

The debate was continued until half-past three, when without taking the question, the committee rose and the House adjourned. The bill will pass very shortly, probably to-morrow evening.

In the Senate the Distribution bill has been under discussion nearly the whole day. The question on its passage will, it is expected, be taken this week.

Very little interest is now manifested in the proceedings of Congress, as every one is on the *qui vive* for the veto message.

General News.

ACCIDENTS AT EASTON.—On the 7th instant, as we learn from an attentive correspondent, William Depew, a son of Samuel Depew, of Easton, left home on a gunning excursion and was found by some citizens about 9 A. M., mortally wounded by the accidental discharge of his own gun, the load of which lodged in the abdomen, and he expired about one in the afternoon.

Mr. Geo. Pearsol was drowned in the Delaware some miles below Easton, on Saturday afternoon. He was a resident of Easton, and is said to have been a good swimmer.

In the evening Thos. Elliott was seriously injured by the slipping of a canal boat, which he was assisting to get out of the Lehigh [illegible] ways. There were several others engaged with him who escaped without injury, by running into the river. He attempted to do the same, but was caught by the boat, and remained partly under her for more than a half hour. It is thought he will recover.

A WOMAN MURDERED BY HER HUSBAND.—We learn from Baltimore that a murder was committed on the Reisterstown Road, about six and a half miles from that city on Wednesday evening week, betweed six and seven o'clock, which surpasses in brutality any thing we have ever heard of in real life. A man and his wife (the name we did not learn,) who had been engaged during the day at work in a field, returning home, when he indured her to accompany him to a barn near at hand and from some unknown cause he shot her in the breast and arm, then broke his gun over her head and body which were beaten in a shocking manner, and disgraceful to relate, the body was from the head to the feet cut and gashed with a knife, or some other sharp instrument. The body was found on Friday, and an inquest was held by Squire Bowman. The man was arrested and committed to Baltimore county Jail. He evinced no signs of the slightest remorse when he was arrested.

THE MYSTERIOUS MURDER.—The New York Tattler mentions the fact, that two gentlemen, Messrs. Fanshaw and Thomas, on the 25th ult., were witnesses to a circumstance which may possibly shed some light on the deep mystery that now hangs round the fate of Mary C. Rogers. On Sunday, the 25th, while at Hoboken, they saw a boat containing six men and one female, all of whom, as soon as they landed at Hoboken, left the boat and started for the woods. Soon afterwards another boat landed there, rowed by three men, one of whom asked one of the above named gentlemen if he had seen a boat with six men and a girl in it, and on receiving an affirmative reply, he asked if any violence had been offered, to which he replied there had not. The last three named men then started off apparently in great haste in pursuit of the men with the young female. This may or may not be the unfortunate girl, whose fate has created such deep excitement. It since appears it was not.

THE RIVER, BUSINESS, &c.—The River is at its lowest stage, there being but about thirteen inches of water in the channel. Nevertheless—says the Pittsburg Advertiser, of Aug. 5th—the steamboat Glade departs this day for Cincinnati, full of passengers, and drawing, as we were informed on board, ten inches. Our Philadelphia brother who was lamenting because there were but four feet of water in the channel of the Ohio, will please note the fact. Freight, however, has to be forwarded in keel boats, of which there is a goodly fleet at our landing. Business, generally, is very dull, but an opinion appears generally to prevail that a very good fall business will be done, as the Western Country is very bare of goods.

Flour has advanced a little, and is now selling from wagons at $4.37 a 4.50. It is the only article in which we note any change.

COMMENCEMENT AT DARTMOUTH COLLEGE.—The Anniversary at this ancient Institution took place on the last week. The services were commenced by the induction of Dr. Cogswell, as Prof. of History and National Education, on which occasion the Prof. delivered an Address. The Addresses before the different Literary Societies were delivered by Prof. Lewis of New York, Rev. Mr. Condit of Portland, Me., and Rev. Dr. Cox of Brooklyn, N. Y. These services were on Tuesday and Wednesday. On Thursday, 26 of the graduating class performed. There was a master's oration besides. Seventy-eight received the degree of A. B., and ten the degree of A. M. Twenty-one received the degree of M. D. and the degree of L. L. D. was conferred upon Frederic Hall, of Washington, D. C., and Jared Sparks, Prof. of History in Harvard College. A large class is expected.

IMPORTANT DECISION.—At the late Court of Quarter Sessions at Orwigsburg, Pa., a boatman was convicted of an assault and battery upon a locktender on the Schuylkill Navigation. On pronouncing sentence, Judge Parsons remarked, that he looked upon all canals in the light of common highways; that locktenders were placed in their situations for the purpose of facilitating the passage of boats, and that if they neglected their duty, the company in whose employ they might be, was liable to prosecution for damages. Also, that boatmen had no right to open, or in any manner disturb the locks, under the penalty of a fine.

EXPECTATION AND REALITY IN CONGRESS.—During Monday last, John Tyler, Jr. the Private Secretary of the President, appeared at the bar of the House of Congress, and a message being announced, deep silence pervaded the hall, under the expectation that the fate of the Bank bill was about to be made known. But this state of feeling was succeeded by roars of laughter, when it was mentioned merely that the President had approved a bill to extend the act of incorporation of the Mechanics' Beneficial Society of Alexandria! There is but one step from the sublime to the commonplace.

ANOTHER BANK AFFAIR.—The Union Bank, Mississippi, Jackson branch, which has been robbed some time since, has recovered her bills and the gold coins, but no silver.

It seems that the restitution of those funds was made through the agency of one of the bank officers, who received an anonymous letter, designating the place where those funds were to be found. This circumstance excited suspicion, and it is believed the affair will go through an investigation. A serious excitement prevails in Jacksonville.

A HUNDRED YEARS IN PRISON.—A late French paper states that a young man aged eighteen years, in 1724, was condemned to the galleys in France, on account of a high crime, for the long period of one hundred years, which was probably intended by the Judge to confine him for life. Remarkable as it may appear, in 1824, the man being in perfect health, after an unremitted series of hardships for one entire century, was discharged, being exactly one hundred and eighteen years old.

DROWNED.—James Bunner, Esq. and Mr. Abraham Stewart, both of Pittsburg, were drowned a few days ago. These gentlemen, with a number of respectable citizens of Uniontown, made a pleasure visit to the Youghiogany at the Falls, eighteen miles off, while fishing with a seine, got into deep water, and Mr. Stewart, in attempting to save Bunner, got entangled with him, and both were drowned.

NEW COTTON.—The New Orleans Picayune of the 31st ult. says—"The first new cotton this season reached us yesterday from Mississippi. Two bales were brought to port by the Norma; one was from the plantation of Richard Hagan, Esq. Cypress Grove, consigned to Anderson & Hagan; the other from the plantation of Col. H. M. Coffey, on the point opposite Grand Gulf, and consigned to Nugent & Hopkins.

THE BONAPARTE FAMILY.—A letter writer of Genoa, mentioning the arrival of Prince Louis Bonaparte in that city, says: "All the male members of the Bonaparte family, except Prince Louis Napoleon, confined at Ham, are now assembled at Genoa. They have been received by the King with marks of friendship and esteem, and treated by all the inhabitants with great consideration."

TWO MEN DROWNED.—On Saturday afternoon, the steamboat Cleopatra, on her passage to Hartford, ran over a small boat containing two men, when near Hurl Gate. The boat was stopped as soon as the accident was known, and every effort was made to recover, if possible, the unfortunate men; but all was vain, and the Cleopatra proceeded on her voyage under the conviction that they had met a watery grave.

FRENCH CONVICTS.—According to the last official returns, the number of convicts at the hulks in France amounted to 8113. For life, 1856. For attempt to murder, 180—murder, 1147—parricide, 37—poisoning, 58—bigamy, 10—conspiracy, 140—and the balance various other crimes.

SINGULAR DEATH.—A young man named David Berg, of Bullskin township, Fayette county, Pa. while engaged with several others in a fishing excursion, put into his mouth a small sunfish, under the pretence of eating it, with a view of making sport for the company; it descended into the throat, causing death in ten minutes.

THE BORDER INDIANS.—It was stated by Mr. Sevier in the Senate, during the discussions of the fortification bill, that on the borders of Arkansas and Missouri there were forty-three thousand Indian warriors well provided with arms, and looking ready for the spring, the moment England should give the signal for war.

NEW YORK CANALS.—The tolls received on the New York Canals this year, up to the 31st July, amounted to $911,966, which exceeds the amount received during the corresponding time last year, $195,506. It is expected they will exceed two millions before navigation closes.

CANADIAN DEBT.—The total amount of debt of Upper Canada, is one million one hundred and ninety thousand pounds current. The whole debt of Lower Canada is under one hundred and fourteen thousand pounds,—less than one tenth of the debt due by Upper Canada.

STREET PREACHING LEGALIZED.—By a recent decision of the Court of Queen's Bench, clergymen of all denominations are allowed to preach in the open air, when they please, provided they do not interrupt the public thoroughfare. This is a strong contrast with England thirty years ago.

CAPITAL PUNISHMENTS IN ENGLAND.—Between 1831 and 1841, sixty-one persons were capitally convicted in England, of whom only two were executed; their crimes were—arson, 6; burglary, with violence, 17; robbery with violence, 16; and cutting and maiming, with intent to murder, 20.

THE GREAT WESTERN, which sailed on Saturday, took out $75,000 in specie, and letters on which were received $2000 postage. The packet Emerald, which sailed from New York on Monday, took out $186,000 in specie.

HARD CUSTOMER.—A man was knocked down by the Locomotive on the Trenton Road on Saturday, and the whole train of Cars *passed over him*. The reader naturally supposes that he was ground to powder. That is a mistake. He was not hurt a bit.

MAIL ROBBER CAUGHT.—A lad about 18 years of age, has been arrested at Cincinnati, charged with robbing the mail between Cincinnati and Lexington. Some of the money and drafts taken from the mail were found in his possession.

QUICK WORK.—On Tuesday week a barn in the borough of York, Pa., was set on fire and burned to the ground; on Wednesday the incendiaries, Michael Zeigler and Nathaniel Peifer, were arrested; on Thursday Zeigler was convicted by his own confession, and sentenced to ten years' confinement in the penitentiary; and on Saturday night he took up his quarters in one of the cells of that institution. The other prisoner, Peiffer, will be indicted for trial at the November term.

LOSS OF LIFE.—The sloop Mary, loaded with wood and bound from Dennis' Creek to this city, was capsized during a sudden squall between two and three o'clock on Tuesday afternoon when off Marcus Hook. A cabin boy and the Captain, whose name is Williams, were both drowned. The remainder of the crew arrived safely at this city in the steamboat Ohio on her return trip from Cape May.

SUICIDAL CONTAGION.—The Abingdon Virginian states that Miss Mary Clark, who resided near the Glade Spring, Va., put an end to her existence one day recently, by hanging herself on a tree in the orchard, near the house. She was forty-eight years of age, and is said to have been in rather a melancholy mood since her neighbor, Mrs. Robinson, destroyed herself by cutting her throat some two months since.

LARGE CANAL BOAT.—The Baltimore American notices, at that port, a new and beautiful canal boat, named Cazes, built at Liverpool, Perry County Pa., and constructed with especial reference to the navigation of the Chesapeake. She carries over two thousand bushels of wheat on the canal, and is capable of carrying one third more in deep water. She cost about $1500.

NAVAL.—The officers and crew of the sloop of war St. Louis, Capt. Forrest, which sailed from Tahiti, March 8, for Sandwich Islands, were all well, except Lieut. Darlington, who was convalescent. The St. Louis had on board, in double irons, the men who attempted to set fire to the whale ship Magnet, of Warren, R. I.

TORY ARGUMENTS.—Bribery was carried to an unheard-of extent at Harwich at the late election; upward of three hundred pounds were given for a vote. The last ten votes cost £4,000. One high-spirited tradesman, who is threatened with notice to quit because he voted for the Liberal candidates, believes that he might have had £500 for his vote if sold to the opposite party.

COUNTERFEIT MEXICAN DOLLARS.—We caution the public to be on their guard. A very large proportion of all Mexican dollars in circulation are counterfeit. We frequently notice, in our exchange papers from various sections of the country, accounts of their being passed on ignorant and unsuspecting individuals. Beware!

DESPATCH.—On Saturday last, an English pickpocket named Barnard, *alias* Snuffie, was detected in picking a pocket at the wharf where the British steamers lie, and his case sent before the Grand Jury, who at once found a bill. He was immediately put upon trial, convicted and sent to the State prison at Sing Sing, for five years.

TEMPERANCE AT THE COMMUNION TABLE.—The First Universalist Church in Lynn, it is said, has passed a vote to use water instead of wine at the communion table.

THE SPOTTED FEVER.—Fifteen or twenty cases of this terrible disease have occurred in Trumble county, Ohio, during the summer, nearly all of which proved fatal in the course of 24 hours.

LOBELIA.—On the 4th inst., at Wilmington, N. C. a Mr. Driver administered to himself a powerful dose of this medicine, was seized directly after with spasms, and in fifteen minutes was a corpse.

DICKENS.—Miss Sedgwick states on English authority, that 10,000 copies of each number of Nicholas Nickleby were sold in London. Sir Sidney Smith expressed to her his unqualified admiration of Dickens.

THE AMERICAN BIBLE SOCIETY has resolved to stereotype and publish the New Testament and the Book of Psalms, in raised letters, for the use of the blind.

PASSENGERS.—During the week ending Saturday the 7th instant, 1693 passengers arrived at New York from foreign ports.

City News.

EXPENSIVE SPORT.—During the months of May and June, the professional "hog catchers" in five days, seized two hundred and seventeen of these animals who were found promenading the city illegally. Seventeen of them died of grief, and the balance were sold for $695. The expense of catching them, including dinners to the officers, &c. &c. amounted to $645 45, leaving the streets free from two hundred and seventeen of these brutes, and $40 55 cents added to the city Treasury.

THE AMOUNT OF RAIN.—We find it stated in the Philadelphia Gazette, that the whole amount of rain which fell on Tuesday, from 12 M. till 10¼ P. M. was 4.134 inches, and from 6 P. M. to half past ten, 3.048 inches.

The whole amount of rain that fell in July was 3.280 inches, much less than fell within the eleven hours of Tuesday.

ROWING MATCH.—Two individuals. Webster Long and Abraham Coates, on Monday, rowed a match from Shippen street wharf to the Island, for five dollars a side. Both rowed the same boat, (the Mary) with the same oars. Coates performed his task in two minutes; Long won in a minute and thirty seconds.

DISTRESSING CASUALTY.—A child five years of age, named Ann McGaw, whose parents live at Dyottville, was missed from home towards evening on Monday. A search was immediately instituted, and the body of the little girl shortly afterwards found in the Delaware, she having accidentally fallen in the river and drowned.

MACKEREL FISHERY.—The Gloucester Telegraph says: Two vessels arrived this week from mackerelling, absent over three weeks, without obtaining one barrel of mackerel! The prospects for the mackerel fishermen this year are unusually discouraging.

NARROW ESCAPE.—A young child was run over, on Monday, in Beach street near the Schuylkill, between Pine and Spruce streets. The wheels of the heavy cart passed directly over the child, and yet, strange to say, it received not the least injury.

FORT MIFFLIN is about to be occupied by a Regiment of Artillery. They have already received marching orders, and will be on duty by the first of October.

From Florida.

We learn from the St. Augustine News that the steamer Wm. Gaston, Capt. Somers, arrived on the 3rd instant, from Southern Posts. The large scout started from Key Biscayne and Fort Dallas, for the Everglades, on the evening of Friday, the 30th ult. consisting of six companies of Artillery, under the command of Capt. Burke, and a number of sailors and marines under the command of Capt. Rogers and Lt. Sloan, of the Navy—amounting in all to about 400 men and 50 canoes, with which they anticipate accomplishing much towards the close of this protracted war. We heartily wish them success, and look forward with no ordinary anxiety for the accomplishment of much good.

We are sorry to learn, that that gallant officer Major Childs, who was to have commanded the expedition, was left sick at Fort Dallas. The Posts South, are generally very healthy, with the exception of a few cases of slight fever, owing to the exposure of the men to the sun.

Major Childs has issued an order for the removal of all the stores and store houses, from Key Biscayne to Fort Dallas, and will break up that post (the Key) entirely.

The accounts from Key West are of the most deplorable nature. The yellow fever is said to be raging at that place, and very fatal; a large number have already fallen victims to it. One of the unfortunate victims is Mr. Landon C. Kenry.

The fever has been still worse at Havana, and we learn that there are nine American ships now lying in that port without a soul on board, all having died of the prevailing fever.

We have no further news from Tampa Bay to communicate, since the last intelligence of the Indians coming in very rapidly.

By the U. S. steamer Gen. Taylor, Capt. Peck, arrived at Savannah, August 6th, we have the gratifying intelligence from Florida that the war, for the ninety-ninth time, may now be considered as at an end. Wild Cat's whole band, men, women, children and negroes, 160 in all have come in at Tampa, and 40 more Indians of another band were on their way, and were expected at Tampa in two days. A gentleman who came on in the Gen. Taylor, says that he does not think another rifle will be fired by the enemy.

When Co-a-coo-chee's family came in, Col. Worth told him that he might go on shore from the schr. where he was confined and see them. He refused to go, saying that though he was anxious to see his family, he would not permit them to see him in irons. The Colonel finally consented to let him go on shore without his shackles, and after a warm greeting with his family, he dined with the Colonel, and then returned on board the schooner. As soon as his irons were replaced, he told Col. Worth that he had but one request more to make, and that was, *to allow him and his people to go West as soon as possible!*

From Matamoras.

An arrival at New Orleans from Matamoras, on the 29th ult. brought later dates from Mexico:

"The Matamoras Anchor of the 5th July says—Information has been received from Vera Cruz, of the arrival there of a Minister from Texas, representing the object of his mission to be to negotiate for the recognition of the independence of Texas by Mexico. This announcement excited indignant feelings on the part of the government, and was opposed, notwithstanding the British Minister continually urged the Texan request, and appeared to be the main support of the application. Notwithstanding the rejection of the proposals of Texas for peace, we have seen that the Senate have rejected the bill for a loan of two millions passed by the deputies to carry on the Texas campaign. Unfortunate Mexico! If the campaign is not made, the independence of Texas is the same as consummated."

There appears to be a general prostration of business throughout Mexico. In the capital it was said Don Lucas Alaman had failed for more than $1,000,000.

From Montevideo.

The brig Cordett, Capt. Corliss, has arrived at Boston in 51 days from Montevideo. She brings advices to the 18th June, containing full details of the engagement which took place between the Buenos Ayrean and Montevidean fleets on the 24th of May. The Buenos Ayrean fleet, under Admiral Brown, consisted of three brigs, mounting in all 40 guns and carrying 490 men; the Montevidean fleet, Com. Coe, consisted of 1 brig, 2 brigantines, and 2 schooners—the number of men and guns not stated. The loss on either side was not great—the Montevideans had the worst of it.

On the evening of the 13th of June, a mutiny broke out in the brig Ulysses, Capt. Wilder, which was not suppressed till 43 men were killed, and a great number wounded. The next morning a court martial was held on board, and eight of the ringleaders were tried, found guilty, and marched forward and shot, one by one, from the cat-heads. Four others were sent on shore, to be shot next day in one of the public squares.

Williamson, the Housebreaker.

It will be remembered that in November 1838, the store of Mr. Finley, in Walnut street below Second, was broken into; and the robbers, Williamson and another were arrested. They were taken before the Mayor, and committed in default of $2000 bail. Three or four days afterwards, they were at large, much to the surprise of Mr. Finley, who on inquiry, was told by the Deputy Attorney General, that he believed that the rogues had been released, with an understanding that they would give certain valuable information to the Police. Some time after, Mr. Lescure was robbed at the corner of third and Market Streets; and subsequently, the stores of Messrs. Davis, Palmer & Co.; and Gilbert, Sons & Co., Boston, were robbed. For the Boston robberies, Williamson and Seale were apprehended, and Williamson turned states evidence against Seale, on certain conditions. Seale was convicted, and Williamson would have been liberated, but he was charged by Seale with the robbery of Mr. Lescure's store, and on a requisition from the Governor of Pennsylvania, was brought to this city. He was taken before Judge Randall on a *habeas corpus* and was by that Judge re-committed.

Yesterday he was taken before Alderman Hay, on the old charge of having broken into Mr. Finley's store.

Mr. Finley swore to his identity, having found him in his store.

Mr. Jeremiah Smith testified that he saw him enter.

On the part of the prisoner, officers Young and Blaney swore that Williamson had been discharged; and his counsel contended that he ought not to have been liable for the same charge twice.

He was re-committed.

A Tale of Horror.

We copy the following account of the most distressing and revolting infanticide that has ever come within our knowledge, from the Louisville, Miss. Tablet, of the 24th ult.

"One of the most awful deeds that has perhaps ever come within the knowledge of the human race, was perpetrated in the vicinity of this place, on Sunday morning last, by a Mrs. Roper. *She killed three of her own children, by cutting their heads off with an axe.* From the information which we have received on the subject, it seems to have been done while she was in a fit of mental derangement. It was her intention to have killed two more in the same manner, and afterward hang herself with a hank of yarn, but her husband waking up, discovered something extraordinary in her actions, and seized her around the waist; after a strong effort on her part to escape from him, during which she tried to draw one of three knives from the ceiling, which she had previously sharpened and put there, they reached the door when he discovered what she had been doing.

She is the mother of eleven children, including the three which she killed. She appears now to be restored to reason, and is a pitiable spectacle of the deepest and most bitter anguish. She says, that while under the influence of a distorted imagination, she thought she was doing a charitable action in ridding her husband of the burthen of supporting herself and their five youngest children; as he is a poor and very hard working man."

British Cotton in India.

A paragraph has been travelling the rounds of the newspapers, stating that the cotton enterprise in India had resulted in failure. The Pittsburg Advocate thinks this a mistake, and says that the East India Telegraph, in speaking of the subject, describes the whole business as having been sadly mismanaged in that particular presidency, but adds—"If the accounts from other presidencies be true, those of the other party sent there have been in active and profitable employ from the date of their arrival at their destinations."

This is a subject of much importance, and although strenuous efforts have been made at the North, to induce Southern journalists and Southern members of Congress to turn their attention to it, we have as yet seen no indications in the South of a dispositon to examine it thoroughly.

JAYNE'S HAIR TONIC.—After giving this article a fair trial, we unhesitatingly pronounce it to be what it professes—the best article, without any exception in use, for the restoration and preservation of the human hair. We know of numerous instances where hair has been restored to heads which have been bald for years; and we think we cannot do a greater favor than to recommend to all our readers who are losing their hair, to make a trial of this Tonic immediately.—*Boston Mail, May 8.*

☞ Prepared only at No. 20 South Third street, Philadelphia. Price $1.

Retail Prices in Market.

Beef, best, per lb.	10a11	Pigs, whole,	$1a$1½
middling,	5a8	Pigs' Feet, set,	10a12
Corned,	6a9	Sheep Tongues, doz.	18a25
Veal,	5a8	Fresh Tripe, per lb.	4a6
Mutton,	5a7	Mince Meat, jar,	$1
Lamb, per qr.	62a87½	Souce Cheese, lb.	9a10
Pork, fresh, per lb.	5a7	Sausages, stuffed, lb.	7a8
pickled,	6a8	Blood Pudding,	7a8
Hams, Jersey,	10a12½	Potatoes, old, peck,	10a12½
Jowls,	4a6	Do new, ½ pk.	10a12½
Dried Beef,	10a12½	Apples, green, ½ pk.	6a12½
Beef's Tongue,	50a62½	Parsnips, qr. peck,	3a4
Butter, lb.	20a25	Pickles, per 100,	25a37
Lard,	10a12½	Beets, bunch,	3a5
Cheese,	6a12½	Carrots, bunch,	2a3
Eggs, per doz.	11a12½	Turnips, new, peck,	20a25
Fowls, pair,	62a75	Onions, green, rope,	5a7
Chickens, pair,	37a50	Snearcase, qt.	5a6
Live,		Lima Beans,	11a12
Turkeys,	75a$1½	Dried Peaches, ½ pk.	20a25
Pigeons, pair,	25a31¼	Whortleberries,	5a7
Salmon, pickled, lb.	12a14	Dried Apples, ½ pk.	16a20
fresh,	20a25	Indian Meal, ½ peck,	8a10
dry, lb.	23a25	Rye Flour, qr. cwt.	44a50
Flounders, fresh, lb.	6a7	Wheat,	75a81
Halibut, per lb.	10a12½	Walnuts, peck,	25a30
Black Fish,	8a10	Shellbarks, per qt.	8a10
Porgies,	7a8	Hominy,	8a10
Perch, string,	18a31¼	Horseradish, root,	2a3
Rock, lb.	12a20	Honey, per lb.	15a18
Pickled Cod,	4a5	Grapes, per qt.	4a5
Lobsters, live, lb.	8a10	Plums,	10a12
Terrapins, doz.	$3a$4	Radishes, bunch,	1a2
Ducks, pair,	62a81	String Beans, ½ pk.	8a10
Guinea Fowls, pair,	37a50	Cabbage, head,	3a5
Sallad, qr. peck,	1a2	Rhubarb, bunch,	4a5
head,	1a2	Squashes, each,	½a1
Blackberries,	5a7	Cucumbers, doz.	4a6
Peaches, qr. peck,	12a25	Nutmegs, each,	4a8
Pears, ½ peck,	6a12½	Egg Plants,	5a6
Green Corn, doz.	6a10	Watermelons,	8a37½
Tomatoes, qr. deck,	8a10	Sweet Potatoes, lb.	5a7

There was not so full a market on Wednesday as there would have been but for the very heavy storm of rain. There are, however, a large number of Watermelons, Mushmelons, Cantelopes and Nutmegs in market, and are sold at prices lower than for several seasons past. The long spell of dry weather immediately preceding the ripening of Watermelons has rendered most of them of very fine flavor. Reader, do you know how to pick with great certainty a good watermelon? We'll tell you. Take the roundest, and in color the darkest green, of the kind known as "Spanish," and you will be pretty certain to get a good one. The inside will be found as red as blood, as sweet as sugar, and will dissolve in your mouth almost like snow. This is no guess work—repeated trials have proved its truth. Apples, Pears, and Peaches are all of inferior quality, scarce and high. The Vegetable market is equal to any former season. Corn, Sweet and Round Potatoes, Tomatoes, Beans, Squashes, Cucumbers, &c. &c. are all very plenty, and are offered at prices according to the supply. There has been a large amount of Fish in market the past week, and the price was correspondingly low. Meat of all kinds is abundant, good, and at fair prices.—*Public Ledger.*

Philadelphia Market.

AMERICAN COTTON AND WOOLLEN GOODS—A good business is doing in Woollens and other fabrics suitable for the Fall trade. A number of dealers from the west and south west are in the market, and making their usual selections. Prices continue steady.

BARK—Quercitron continues very dull, and we are again without sales to report.

COFFEE—The market is unsettled. Holders have mostly withdrawn their small stocks from the market, and for the limited parcels remaining on sale, buyers, although there is some inquiry, are not willing to give the advance asked. The sales have been very trifling.

COTTON continues very dull, and no transactions of interest have occurred this week.

FLOUR AND MEAL—Sales of superfine Flour have been made for shipment at $6 per bbl for fresh ground, and for city use at $6.25 for good, and a fraction higher for choice brands. The stock of old Flour is almost exhausted. Western is worth $5.85a$6 for fresh ground. Rye Flour has been in some rest at $3.25, and prices are tending upward. Corn Meal has been selling at $3 per bbl, at which rate holders are firm.

GRAIN—The market is bare of Wheat, and prices have advanced to $1.35a1.37 for Penna. and 1.30a1.32 for Southern. Rye—We hear of no sales. Corn—The receipts continue very light, and prices are again higher. Sales of Penna. round yellow at 68a70 cts. and Southern at 70a72 cents per bushel. The market is bare, and prices are tending upward. Oats come forward very slowly; last sales of Southern 40 cts. Market again bare.

HIDES—Some supplies have arrived this week, but no sales have occurred. The sale of Laguira reported in our last report, was at 14½ cts. on time.

MOLASSES—We have no change to notice.

OILS—Sperm and Whale are steady. Linseed is scarce, and would command 88a90 cts.

SUGARS—The market remains quiet.

WHISKEY is dull. Sales in hhds at 22a22½, and in bbls at 23 cts.—*North American.*

CURE for Deafness.—Scarpa's Compound Kreosote Acoustic Oil, for the cure of DEAFNESS, pains in the ears, and also all those disagreeable noises, like the buzzing of insects, falling of water, whizzing of steam, &c. &c. which are symptoms of approaching deafness, and also generally attended with the disease.

The application of the oil produces no pain, but on the contrary an agreeable and pleasant sensation. The recipe for this medicine has been obtained from an English Artist of great reputation, who has found from long observation, that deafness, in nineteen cases out of twenty, was produced either from a want of action in the nerves of hearing, or a dryness in the ears; his object therefore was to find something that would create a healthy condition in those parts. After a long series of experiments with the Kreosote, in combination with a great number of other medicines, his efforts were at last crowned with success, in the discovery of this preparation, which has received the name of SCARPA'S COMPOUND KREOSOTE ACOUSTIC OIL. It has been used in this country about one year and so wonderful has been its effects in curing and relieving the deaf, that, from pure motives of humanity, it is now offered to the public, that all may have an opportunity of proving its efficacy. A long list of certificates might be given, but such is the confidence in the medicine, and so high has been its reputation, that no use will be made of them, knowing also, that the names of Dr. this one, Professor that one, and General such a one, when appended to certificates of specific medicines, are in the majority of cases all a "humbug." It is only necessary to add, that this medicine has been recommended and used by many of the best physicians and surgeons in Europe and in this country.

Free directions accompany each bottle. Sold wholesale and retail by D. JAYNE, No. 20 south Third street, Philadelphia, and also by most of the Druggists in the city. aug 7 3m

BALDNESS and loss of Hair is caused by a want of action in the vessels which throw off the perspiration from the head. When these vessels are weak or diseased, the perspiration is thick and clammy, and adheres to the mouths of the pores and clogs them up, and dries and forms scurf and dandruff. Less blood is then carried to the roots of the hair, and for want of which the hair has not sufficient nourishment and consequently becomes dry and harsh, and begins to come out or fall off, which continuing to increase eventually produces baldness. Restore the capillary vessels of the head to their former healthy circulation, and a fine silky new hair will make its appearance, which will increase in quantity and volume until the hair becomes thick and healthy.

JAYNE'S HAIR TONIC is the only preparation that has ever been known to produce new hair on bald heads, which it has done in innumerable instances, and will seldom fail if properly and preservingly used.

Prepared only by Dr. D. Jayne, No. 20 south Third street, Philadelphia. aug 14 6m

RESTORATION of the Hair.—Haddonfield, N. J. Feb. 12, 1839.—*Dr. D. Jayne*—Sir: I take great pleasure in informing you that the bottle of *Hair Tonic* which I obtained of you last October has proved most satisfactory and successful. My hair had for a long time been exceedingly thin; but for two or three years past it had so fallen out that my head had become almost entirely bald. I was under the necessity of concealing the baldness by combing the hair on the sides over it. But now, after using a bottle of the "Tonic," I have as luxuriant a growth of hair as I ever had. C. C. PARK, Late Pastor Baptist Church at Haddonfield, N. J.

☞ Prepared only by Dr. JAYNE, 20 south THIRD street, Philada. Price $1.

ALMANAC.

Aug. 1841.	Sun Rises.	Sun Sets.	High Water.	Moon's Phases. D. H. M.
14 Saturday,	5 10	6 50	11 59	
15 Sunday,	5 12	6 48	12 49	
16 Monday,	5 13	6 47	1 38	
17 Tuesday,	5 14	6 46	2 29	Full 2 4 55
18 Wednesday,	5 15	6 44	3 20	Last 10 1 13
19 Thursday,	5 17	6 43	4 9	New 16 4 28
20 Friday,	5 18	6 42	4 58	First 23 4 27
21 Saturday,	5 19	6 41	5 47	Full 31 8 33

Philadelphia Post Office.

Arrivals and Departure of Mails.

Arrives.		Departs.	
Eastern,	at 3 & 12 P. M.	Eastern,	at 8 A. M. & 4 P. M.
Western,	4 1-2 & 11 1-2 P. M.	Western,	5 A. M. & 10 P. M.
Southern,	5 P. M.	Southern,	5 A. M.

Married,

On the 3d inst. by the Rev. Wm. A. Wiggins, THOMAS B. PARKER, to FRANCES D. daughter of Thomas Borbridge, all of this city.

On the 5th inst. by the Rev. J. L. Burrows, EDWARD A. BENNETT, of Louisville, Ky. to JUDITH B. daughter of John Mostin, of this city.

On Wednesday evening, the 4th instant, by the Rev. E. Miller, THOMAS CONDELL, to SOPHIA M. SMITH, both of this city.

At Burlington, N. J. on the 4th inst. by the Rev. M. H. Henderson, T. ALBERT HAVEN, to VIRGINIA, adopted daughter of Henry C. Carey, both of this city.

On the 9th inst. by Friends' ceremony, before John Swift, Mayor, GEORGE BOLDIN, to RACHEL H. daughter of Chas. Longstreth, all of this city.

On the 5th inst. by the Rev. C. J. H. Carter, PAUL SOLANON, Esq. of France, to Mrs. SOPHIA LAUSSAT, of this city.

On the 1st inst. by the Rev. J. W. Hayhurst, Mr. JAMES BELL, to Mrs. ANN JENNINGS, both of Blockley.

On the 3d inst. by the Rev. Daniel Dodge, Mr. BENJAMIN J. BENNER, to Miss SARAH ELIZABETH BECK, all of the N. Liberties.

On the 5th instant, by the Rev. Franklin D. Harris, Rev. EDWIN TOWN, to MARY, daughter of Thomas Shepherd, both of this city.

On the 8th inst. by the Rev. J. P. B. Eddey, MOSES OWEN, to Miss ELLEN CHAPMAN, all of this city.

At Bridgewater, N. J. on Thursday, the 5th instant, by the Rev. J. L. Bartlett, Mr. EDWARD D. JOHNSON, to Miss RHODA E. TAYLOR, of Port Elizabeth, N. J.

On Thursday evening, 3d instant, by the Rev. J. Kennady, Mr. JOHN M'CLINTOCK, to Miss BRIDGETTA M'GOVERN.

In Philadelphia, on the 11th inst. by John Swift, Mayor, Mr. REUBEN F. RUTH, of Springfield, Illinois, to Miss MARIA W. DILLER, of Downingtown, Chester county, Pa.

At Germantown, Pa. the 29th ult. by the Rev. Dr. John McDowell, the Rev. JOHN WRAY, to GEORGIANA, daughter of Col. Richard Dennis, of Germantown. Mr. Wray and his bride expect shortly to leave this country as Missionaries to Northern India, under the Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions.

On the 10th inst. at Brooklyn, L. I. by the Rev. A. H. Dumont, Lieut. SAMUEL S. HASSARD, U. S. Navy, to MARTHA D'WOLFE, daughter of the late Charles D'Wolfe, Esq. of Newport, R. I.

At Rome, in April last, ARTHUR MIDDLETON, Jr. Esq. late American Charge at Madrid, to the Countess BENTIVOGLIO, daughter of Count Bentivoglio, of Rome.

On the 10th instant, by the Rev. Chas. Williamson, Mr. DENNIS GALLIGHAR, to Miss CATHARINE ALLISON.

By the Rev. Mr. Gerhardt, on Wednesday, 28th ultimo, HENRY G. LONG, Esq. attorney at law, of Lancaster city, to Miss CATHARINE, daughter of the late John Haldeman, of East Donegal Township.

Died,

On Saturday afternoon, 7th inst. of cholera infantum, JAS. CALDWELL, only child of Dr. John A. and Ann Elkinton, aged 22 months.

On Saturday morning, 7th inst. JOHN KNOX.

On Saturday, 7th inst. of a painful and lingering illness, perfectly resigned to the will of God, ELIZA, daughter of Jeremiah and Elizabeth Osbourn.

Mrs. CATHARINE MURCH, aged 73 years.

On Friday morning, 6th inst. CATHARINE RUTTER, daughter of John and Margaret Rutter.

On the 6th inst. Mrs. MARGARET RIFLEY, wife of the late Thomas Reiley.

On the 6th inst. Mrs. REBECCA RECKHOW.

On the 5th inst. REDMAN FALLON.

On the 2d instant, Mr. EDMUND BUTLER, a native of the county of Cork, Ireland, in the 33d year of his age.

On the morning of the 7th inst. of cholera infantum, WILHELMINA, daughter of William W. Smith, aged 1 year and 2 days.

At Paris, Rue de l'Oratoire, on the 5th of July, to the inexpressible grief of her parents, HARRIET MARY, only daughter of George W. Ohlmann, Esq. R. N. and niece of Sir William Scott, of Ancrum, Bart.

In Nashville, Tenn. on the 25th ult. MARY CHARLOTTE, wife of James Riggs, Esq. of this city, and only daughter of the late Richard C. Napier.

At the city of Mexico, on the 5th of June last, PATRICK TOOLE, a citizen of the United States, and formerly of Philadelphia.

At Cincinnati, Ohio, July 23d, after a short illness, of bilious fever, in the 22d year of his age, Mr. ABM. A. H. SIMMONS, formerly of New York city, son of Abraham Simmons, dec'd. New York papers please copy.

On the morning of the 6th inst. ADAM MECOM, in the 81st year of her age.

On the 5th inst. after a long illness, JOHN P. FRANCIS, in the 41st year of his age.

In Holmesburg, Penn. on the 4th instant, FANNY WATERMAN, aged 68 years, consort of John Waterman, of this city.

On the 6th inst. BARTHOLOMEW WISTAR, aged 51 years.

On the 5th inst. MARY B. THOMPSON, relict of the late James Thompson, pilot, of Lewistown, Del. aged 64 years.

On the 5th inst. ELIAS SCHELLINGSBERG, aged 40 years.

In Elizabethtown, N. J. on the 1st inst. DAVID WILLIAMS, aged 84 years. Mr. W. was engaged during the whole of the revolutionary war, and was present at the battles of Long Island and Monmouth.

On the 4th inst. ELIZABETH A. wife of John W. Patten, aged 38 years, and only daughter of the late William Allibone.

On the 22d July last, at Pensacola, after a severe attack of paralysis, Dr. MORDECAI MORGAN, of the U. S. Navy, Fleet Surgeon of the West India Squadron.

On the evening of the 7th inst. JOSEPH LIVEZEY, in the 77th year of his age.

On the afternoon of the 8th instant, T. ABBOTT PANCOAST, youngest son of Dr. J. Pancoast, in the 6th year of his age.

On the 8th inst. Dr. JAMES SNOW, aged 76 years.

On the 7th inst. MARGARET CUNNINGHAM, aged 17 years.

On the 7th inst. CHARLES GEISLER, Jr. aged 22 years.

On the 8th inst. WM. HENRY McCLOSKEY, son of James McCloskey.

On the 3d instant, at Auburn, Baltimore county, (the residence of her brother, Henry C. Turnbull,) ELIZABETH, daughter of the late Wm. Turnbull, of this city.

On the 7th inst. at her residence in this city, Mrs. REBECCA REDMAN, daughter of the late Gen. Elisha Lawrence, of New Jersey.

On the 8th inst. Mr. JAMES R. McCORMICK, in the 29th year of his age.

On the 9th inst. Miss ANN WALTERS, in the 21st year of her age.

On the 4th instant, after a protracted disease, MICHAEL RUTH, in the 72d year of his age.

On the 9th inst. Mrs. MARGARET LOCKWOOD, in the 68th year of her age.

On the 8th inst. ELIZABETH, eldest daughter of Mr. Jas. Glentworth.

On the 5th inst. after a short and severe illness, Mr. MAHLON BANES, aged 58 years, 11 months and 5 days.

On the 1st instant, at his residence in Byberry township, AMOS MARTINDALE, aged 80 years.

At Norwich, Conn. on the 7th inst. the Hon. JAMES LANMAN, formerly Senator in Congress, and subsequently a Judge of the Superior Court of that State.

In Wilmington, Del. on the 6th inst. JAMES WILSON, formerly editor of the "American Watchman," in the 77th year of his age.

On the 3d inst. HANNAH FRITZ, infant daughter of Henry and Sarah Weaver.

On the 10th inst. HENRY, youngest son of Wm. and Harriet Minney, aged 5 years.

On the 10th inst. Mrs. CATHARINE BROWN, in the 74th year of her age.

On the 10th inst. Mr. PATRICK KAOUGH, aged 31 years.

On the 29th ultimo, at Norristown, Pa. of croup, EMMA JOHNSON MURDOCH, in the 3d year of her age, youngest daughter of J. E. Murdoch, of this city.

On the 10th inst. ELLEN, daughter of Thomas B. Watson, aged 4 months.

On the 10th inst. PATRICK KEITCH, aged 31 years.

On the 7th inst. ELIZA, youngest daughter of Thos. and Eliza Lutch.

On the 10th inst. HELENA, daughter of Bowman H. and Alice Ritchie.

On the 10th inst. EMMA LOUISA, daughter of Alve E. and Ann Eliza Laing.

At Tallahassee, Fa. on the 20th ult. Gen. JOHN GRAHAM, son of Capt. Q. Graham, formerly commander of one of the N. York and Liverpool packet ships.

On the 10th inst. Mr. DANIEL NICHOLS, cabinet maker, in the 37th year of his age.

In New York, on Monday afternoon, 9th inst. MATILDA LOUISA, daughter of Charles and Heprubah Swift, aged 11 months.

In Williamsport, Pa. on Monday morning, the 29th ult. ALFRED ALEXANDER, infant son of Alexander and Sarah Cummings, of Philadelphia, aged 6 months.

On the 10th inst. REBECCA MIDDLETON, in the 2d year of her age.

On the 10th inst. Mrs. MARY RYAN, in the 33d year of her age.

On the 19th ult. GEORGE WASHINGTON PETTIBONE, in the 27th year of his age.

Health Office, Aug. 7, 1841.

INTERMENTS

In the City of Philadelphia, Southwark, Northern Liberties, Moyamensing, Penn Township, and Kensington.

From the 31st of July to the 7th August.

Diseases.	Adults.	Children.	Diseases.	Adults.	Children.
Apoplexy,	2	0	Brought over,	35	44
Congestion of Brain	0	1	Hemorrhage from Lungs,	1	0
Consumption of the Lungs,	9	3	Inflammation of the Brain,	1	6
Convulsions,	1	7	—Bronchi,	0	1
—Puerperal,	1	0	—Lungs,	0	2
Diarrhœa,	2	5	—Stomach,	0	1
Dropsy,	2	0	—Bowels,	3	2
—Head,	0	6	Intemperance,	1	0
—Breast,	3	0	Marasmus,	1	10
Disease of Brain,	1	3	Measles,	0	1
—Heart,	2	0	Morbus Cœruleus,	0	1
—Liver,	1	0	Neglect,	1	0
—Hip Joint,	0	1	Old Age,	3	0
Dysentery,	5	10	Palsy,	1	0
Debility,	0	6	Softening of Stomach,	1	0
Enlargement of the Heart,	1	0	Small Pox,	1	3
Fracture of Leg,	1	0	Still Born,	0	9
Fever,	2	0	Summer Complaint,	0	40
—Typhus,	1	2	Teething,	0	1
Gangrene of Bowels,	1	0			
Carried over,	35	44	Total, 170—	49	121

Of the above there were 14 from the almshouse, 1 from the country, and 22 people of color, which are included in the total amount.

By order of the Board of Health,
SAMUEL P. MARKS, Clerk.

State of the Thermometer.

		9 o'clock.	12 o'clock.	3 o'clock.
Aug.	1.	64	66	68
	2.	69	73	74
	3.	71	74	76
	4.	73	77	79
	5.	76	76	76
	6.	73	76	78
	7.	74	77	78

DRY GOODS.

THE subscriber offers for sale a large and general assortment of carefully selected DRY GOODS, which housekeepers and others are invited to examine.

Welsh Flannels, Gauze, English do., Rogers do., Domestic do., Super Swanskin do., Canton do., Lambs' wool Shirts and Drawers, Merino do., Striped Linen Drilling, Brown Holland, French Linens, Gambroons, Summer Cloths, Satinets in great variety, Superior Merino Cassimeres of every desirable color.

Beaverteens, Cloths, Cassimeres, Cords, Coatings, Irish Linens, of the most approved Seals, Do. Sheeting, Do. Diaper, Napkins, colored Table Covers, Table Cloths, Furniture Dimity, Printed Floor Cloths, Do. Checks, Tickings, Super Bath (English) Blankets, Rose do. Whitney do., Merinoes, Moreens, Marseilles Shirts, London Chintz, &c. &c.

JOHN A. WILLIAMS,
au 7 3t No. 268 N. Second, near Noble street.

THE PHILADELPHIA MAMMOTH.

ENLARGEMENT OF THE Saturday Evening Post.

A new volume of this well established and highly popular family newspaper GREATLY ENLARGED and improved, with entirely new type commenced May 1st, 1841. The paper is printed in beautiful type, and has received the praise of many editors of taste, as "the handsomest family sheet in the Union." Our efforts have been directed to the combining of beauty and simplicity with utility and taste. The Post is printed on a stout white paper, rendering it neat and durable for filing. It is issued at the old established rate of *two dollars per annum cash, or three dollars if not paid in advance*, and may truly be said, now that it is enlarged, to be the

Largest Paper in the Country

at the price it is sold. It has all the merits, and none of the defects of the large papers of the day, for while the earliest literary matter may be found in its columns, a judicious compilation of domestic and foreign news, with the usual variety of wit and sentiment, will render it a better family paper. The proprietors make no flourish of trumpets about the size and cheapness of the paper, or the firm basis upon which the "OLD POST" stands. It is not necessary. It has born the battle and the breeze for the last TWENTY ONE YEARS, and has held its position in the midst of tottering and crumbling rivals, and has faced and buried all kinds of opponents.

The Mode of Conducting it.

The proprietors having for a long time deprecated the floods of foreign literature, indiscriminately re-published in this country, have determined, without altogether neglecting this field, to select nothing but the choicest tales and sketches, from the English periodicals; and they have made arrangements by which they can furnish those to their subscribers in advance of every contemporary. The editors will also keep an eye to the best American tales afloat, giving, always, the preference to the writers of their own country. We shall still continue the plan of giving original stories from popular American writers. The well known Author of "Cruising in the Last War," opened the volume with the first of a new series of thrilling nautical tales. In addition to the old, a number of new Contributors will enrich its columns with choice and entertaining original articles. In order that the SATURDAY EVENING POST may maintain its high position, as the

First Family Newspaper

in the United States, arrangements have been made for a regular supply of choice and entertaining

Original Tales,

historical sketches, poetry, &c. We have been publishing for months past an unbroken series of choice original stories which have been procured at great cost, and have been widely copied and read. These we shall continue.

The News Department.

While it shall be the care of the proprietors to preserve for the paper, a high *literary* reputation; the great desideratum for a family newspaper, a carefully selected news department, shall not be made second in interest or importance. While every thing of note that is passing either in this country or in Europe shall be carefully collected or collated for our readers, a due regard shall be paid to the *character* of the matter. So that the paper may be with safety and propriety introduced and read in the family circle.

The Ladies' Department

will still be preserved, shall be choice and select, and shall receive strict attention. It shall be the effort of the editors to embrace in this department such selections of the floating literature of the day, as may be in an especial manner suited to the instruction and amusement of the female sex, and to combine the fashionable with the truly useful and good.

Such things as may suit that important and large class of our subscribers.

The Farmers,

will not be overlooked. In order to gratify, as much as possible, the laudable desire of our readers, a portion of our attention will be devoted to the collection and diffusion of such news as may seem IMPORTANT TO AGRICULTURALISTS, and the population resident without the confines of our great cities. *The state of the markets* and the fluctuations in the prices, will be regularly, and what is of more moment, *correctly* given.

We determined at the outset, that while the paper continued under our control, it should be strictly,

Neutral in Politics,

and that as news, and literary journalists, we had nothing to do with the matter; this determination has been strictly and rigidly adhered to, and while we shall continue to give our readers, such public documents, as may be deemed of interest to all, and such a history of the progress of political events, as are strictly in keeping with our duty, and the character of the paper, we shall *studiously*, and thoroughly avoid any contamination of partizan politics.

THE TERMS.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, will be furnished at the exceedingly low price of TWO DOLLARS per annum, invariably in advance. We will send a copy to any person who may wish to see a specimen, by giving notice, *post paid.*

Inducements to Clubs.

As friends and neighbors often wish to club together to facilitate remittances, we will send

3 Copies for 5 Dollars in advance, Post Paid.

7 Copies for 10 do. do.

No New Subscribers Received without the Money.

We have no desire to extend our list, but with cash subscribers, and the paper is sufficiently established, to enable us to exact, compliance with this golden rule. The Post is made worth more than the money, and it must be paid by those who wish the paper.

To those who wish to subscribe, we would say, that the safest plan is to enclose the money in a letter and direct to us. Most postmasters will frank their letters if relating to nothing but the business of the office, and all post-masters who will be kind enough to do so, we shall be pleased to acknowledge as agents.

EDITORS who may wish to exchange, will please copy, and forward a number of their paper, marked with ink, to this office, and their favor shall be promptly acknowledged without fraud or delay, as is but too often the case.

Address GEO. R. GRAHAM & CO.

South West corner of Third and Chesnut streets, Philadelphia.

HEALTH! HEALTH!! HEALTH!!!
RESTORED & LIFE PRESERVED by Dr. JAYNE'S Medical Preparations.

THESE medicines are recommended and extensively used by the most intelligent persons in the United States, by numerous *Professors* and *Presidents of Colleges*, *Physicians of the Army and Navy*, and of *Hospitals* and *Almshouses*, and by more than three hundred *Clergymen* of various denominations.

They are expressly prepared for family use, and have acquired an unprecedented popularity throughout the United States, and as they are so admirably calculated to preserve HEALTH and cure DISEASE, no family should ever be without them. The proprietor of these valuable preparations received his education at one of the best Medical Colleges in the United States, and has had fifteen years experience in an extensive and diversified practice by which he has had ample opportunities of acquiring a practical knowledge of diseases, and of the remedies best calculated to remove them.

These preparations are so generally known and so universally appreciated that it is only necessary to mention their names and of whom they may be obtained. They consist of

JAYNE'S EXPECTORANT, a valuable remedy for COUGHS, COLDS, CONSUMPTION, ASTHMA, SPITTING OF BLOOD, CROUP, WHOOPING COUGH, BRONCHITIS, PLEURISY and Inflammation of the Lungs or Throat, Difficulty of Breathing, and all diseases of the PULMONARY ORGANS.

JAYNE'S HAIR TONIC, for the PRESERVATION, GROWTH and BEAUTY of the HAIR, and which will positively bring NEW HAIR on BALD HEADS, and prevent its falling off or turning GREY.

JAYNE'S TONIC VERMIFUGE. A pleasant, safe, and certain preparation for the removal of WORMS, DYSPEPSIA, SOUR STOMACH, FEVER AND AGUE, PILES, WANT OF APPETITE, and all diseases of debility, especially of the STOMACH AND BOWELS, and ORGANS OF DIGESTION.

JAYNE'S CARMINATIVE BALSAM, a certain cure for BOWEL AND SUMMER COMPLAINTS, DIARRHŒA, DYSENTERY, CHOLIC, CRAMPS, SICK HEADACHE, SOUR STOMACH, CHOLERA MORBUS, and all derangements of the STOMACH and BOWELS, NERVOUS AFFECTIONS, &c.

JAYNE'S SANATIVE PILLS, for FEMALE DISEASES, LIVER COMPLAINTS, COSTIVENESS, FEVERS, INFLAMMATIONS, OBSTRUCTIONS, DISEASES of the SKIN, &c. and in all cases where an aperient Alternative or Purgative Medicine is required.

The public are assured in the most positive and unequivocal terms, that in recommending the above preparations, no deception has been used, nor artifice employed to elevate them above their merits, but that it is now beyond dispute, that no preparations have ever acquired so universal and such deserved popularity.

Prepared only by Doct. D. Jayne, No. 20 South 3d street, Philadelphia.

BOWEL and Summer Complaints cured by Dr. Jayne's CARMINATIVE BALSAM.—Darlington, Beaver Co. Feb. 1839.—Dr. D. Jayne—Dear Sir—My little son, when about two months old, was seized with a bowel complaint, caused as I supposed by a change of diet—it continued for two weeks without intermission, and notwithstanding the remedies prescribed by a respectable physician, we gave up the child a victim, as we supposed, to a fatal disease. But I providentially heard of "JAYNE'S CARMINATIVE," as an effectual cure for bowel complaint, and immediately despatched a messenger to a town seventeen miles off for a bottle. By the use of this medicine, in less than thirty six hours the disease was checked; and by its continued use for a few days the child was restored to perfect health. Shortly after this, there occurred a similar case in one of the families of my congregation. I prescribed "JAYNE'S CARMINATIVE," and the result was a speedy cure. From a knowledge of the efficacy of Dr. Jayne's medicines, I advise every family to keep it on hand, ready for any emergency. Respectfully yours, ARTHUR B. BRADFORD, *Pastor of Presbyterian Church, Darlington, Pa.*

Prepared by Dr. JAYNE, 20 south THIRD st. Philadelphia.

WORMS IN CHILDREN.—Of all diseases to which children are exposed, none are so fatal to them as WORMS. Unfortunately children are seldom free from them, and as they imitate the symptoms of almost every other complaint, they often produce alarming effects without being suspected. They are not only a cause of disease themselves, but by their irritation aggravate all other diseases, wandering from one part of the body to another, winding themselves up into large balls and obstructing the bowels, and frequently the throat, causing Convulsions, and too often death. The desired remedy will be found in DR. JAYNE'S TONIC VERMIFUGE, which will very soon destroy the worms and invigorate the powers of digestion so as to prevent a return of them. Prepared and sold at No. 20 South THIRD st. Philadelphia.

IMPORTANT! ASTHMA CURED.—Putnam, Ohio, May 18, 1831.—Dear Sir—Dr. Helmick has used some 8 or 10 bottles of your *Expectorant*, and has found decided benefit. His health is better than for several years past, and his appearance indicates decided improvement in health. His confidence in your medicine has induced him to recommend it to his friends, and we are informed that many of them have been cured, and others greatly relieved. POTTS & GRAHAM.

Dr. D. Jayne.

☞ Prepared only at No. 20 south THIRD st. Philada.

THE Great Omnibus Newspaper! UNITED STATES, the best, cheapest, and most beautiful family newspaper in the Union is published weekly in Philadelphia, by Swain, Abell & Simmons, S. W. corner of Third and Chesnut streets.

The extraordinary circulation acquired by this great paper, in the short period since its establishment, on the 1st of May 1841, is an encouraging testimonial of its worth, and warrants the belief that a general knowledge of its character, distinctive features, and price, is only required to give it a more general and extensive circulation than any weekly newspaper hitherto published in the great country whose name it bears.

The "United States" may appropriately be called an Omnibus Family newspaper, because it literally carries all things upon its broad and ample pages—all things that are pleasing and instructive, amusing and useful. Accurate computation proves it to contain actually an amount of reading matter nearly one third greater than any of the several contemporaneous mammoth sheets of New York and Boston.

It is the cheapest paper published in the Union. Terms $2 per year, or $1.25 for six months in advance, post paid.

Postmasters, or others, remitting *ten dollars*, free of postage, will receive six copies. *In no case will a subscription be entered upon the books until payment is received at the office*, and all subscriptions discontinued at the expiration of the time paid for.

Postmasters are authorised by law to frank remittances of newspaper subscriptions. *Address, post paid,*

SWAIN, ABELL & SIMMONS,
S. W. corner 3d and Chesnut streets, Philadelphia.

DEAFNESS.—TAYLOR'S GUTTA VEGETABILIS.—*An Infallible Remedy for Deafness.*—The great success which has attended the application of this valuable remedy in some hundred cases in the Westminster Dispensary (for diseases of the Eye and Ear,) for which Letters Patent have been obtained by M. Taylor, M. D. from the English Government, and the sanction it has received from the Royal Academy of Medicine in Paris, as well as from the following Medical gentlemen, Mr. Abernethy—Sir Astly Cooper—Drs. Boston, Curtis, Drake, and L. Segalas, &c. and other Aurists and Surgeons, inferior to none, in Medical Science, who have used and recommended it.

The fame of the Gutta Vegetabilis, throughout France and Germany, caused its speedy introduction into almost every country in Europe, and addresses were presented to Dr. Taylor from all parts, congratulatory of the circumstance. The certainty with which the Gutta Vegetabilis was continually applied, can be attested by many thousands. Since the Revolution of 1830, their Majesties, Louise Phillippe, King of the French, and Leopold King of the Belgians, conferred on Dr. Taylor the title of Honorary Aurist to their Majesties, as a recompense for the many restored to hearing or otherwise cured by the application of his long tried Gutta Vegetabilis.—These proofs of royal favor will, he hopes, be sufficient to encourage all who are afflicted with deafness, arising from any cause to apply his remedy.

The Gutta Vegetabilis (or Infallible Remedy) needs no laboured description, such is its worth, and so highly is it valued by those who have experienced its wonderful effects will do more to recommend and insure it the support of the Profession and the Public generally, than any thing the proprietor can say in its favor and by particular request he has published the following extraordinary cases.

Miss S. A. NORTON, of Mile End Road, was many years afflicted with deafness after trying every thing she could hear of, and her physician could prescribe, one bottle of Taylor's Gutta Vegetabilis relieved her considerably, and before she used the third bottle, she was perfectly restored to the sense of hearing.

THOMAS HORNBY, 48 Barrington street, who was a Lieutenant in the 42 Regiment, was struck deaf on the plains of Waterloo, and had remained so ever since. After the use of one bottle of Gutta Vegetabilis, was perfectly cured.

Mrs. GREEN, of Camberwell, who had been fourteen years deprived of the sense of hearing, was quite cured by using six bottles.

To the aged who are most commonly afflicted with deafness, this preparation will indeed prove a blessing, as it has so frequently cured the worst of cases when no hope of recovery had been anticipated or derived from other means.

To those afflicted with deafness arising from cold this preparation must prove invaluable, and will restore them to hearing in nine cases out of ten.

The Gutta Vegetabilis is prepared in strict accordance with scientific principles, apart from all Empiricism, and it will be found on trial to carry its own recommendation with it, in the happy effects it produces by restoring those to hearing who have been so unfortunate as to be deprived of that sense for many years.

Caution to the Public.—To prevent being imposed upon, look well to the Certificates of the Proprietor and Inventor.

This is to certify, that I have appointed Dr. William Young, Philadelphia, my only agent in the U. States, to dispose of that valuable Medicine, called TAYLOR'S GUTTA VEGETABILIS, with full power to appoint agents where he may think proper, and as the great demand may induce persons to fabricate the medicine to the injury of the public, I have thought proper to accompany the bill of directions round each bottle with my name signed in my own hand writing and the more effectually to detect counterfeits, the public will observe the seal of my agent on the outside of every bottle, to counterfeit which is felony.

Signed at my office, 20 Charles street, Bloomsbury, London, and sold by Dr. William Young, at his Infirmary for disease of the Skin, Eye and Ear, 152 Spruce Street, between Fourth and Fifth, Philadelphia.

N. B. Persons at a distance, can have the Medicine sent to any part of the United States, from Dr. Young, Letters (post paid,) enclosing Five Dollars, answered by return, and the Medicine punctually transmitted to any address. Dec 5—1y

JUST PUBLISHED—POCKET ÆSCULAPIUS, or EVERY ONE HIS OWN PHYSICIAN. Being practical observations on diseases of the Generative System; with a concise Anatomical Review of its Organs, and a Physiological account of their functions together with remarks on the more probable cause of local and general debility, with many interesting observations and remarks occurring in a most extensive practice. To which is added

A Practical Treatise on Diseases of the Skin, by William Young, M. D. Member of the Philadelphia Medical Society, &c. &c. published by the author, and sold at No. 152 Spruce street between 4th and 5th, Philadelphia, and booksellers generally.

"This little important Treatise is replete with practical and scientific information; we can conscientiously recommend its serious perusal to those who suffer from the maladies on which it treats. Such a work as Dr. Young's has long been a desideratum with a numerous class of patients, to whom its easy and popular style will not fail to recommend itself, and we venture to predict that this very judicious and well timed Surgical Essay will, ere long, become a manual in the hands of the afflicted."—*Reporter.*

A comprehensive exposition of the nature and treatment of all diseases of the generative system, whether the result of contagion, hereditary causes, or the wear and tear of human life, from the simplest venereal disturbance to the severe state of local debility and irritation, whereby the invalid may conduct his case, without the knowledge of his most intimate friend.

MARRIAGE. ALSO BY THE SAME AUTHOR. On Marriage, its intent, obligations, and Physical and constitutional disqualifications, Medically considered, with an Exposition of the Structure and purposes of the Reproductive System, the hereditary transmission of qualities and the accidents and infirmities incident to YOUTH, MATURITY and OLD AGE.

The subjects are illustrated by a variety of highly interesting cases and diagrams.

TO FEMALES. FEMALE'S VADE MECUM. ALSO BY THE SAME.—A Non medical Analysis of the Complaints incidental to Females, in which are offered some important admonitions on the peculiar debilities attending their circumstances, sympathies and formation, illustrated by cases. Intended for the use of females only, and addressed to the youth and maturity of that sex.

Stultorum incurata pudor malus ulcera celat.—Hor.

The silly modesty of the foolish conceals an incurable ulcer.

☞ Persons at a distance can have either of these publications sent to any part of the United States, Canadas, West Indies, &c. by enclosing a one dollar note on any solvent bank, or eight copies for five dollars, addressed,

sep 26-1y Dr. WM. YOUNG, Philadelphia.

ROTTECK'S History of the World, second edition. This work is designed to fill up a great chasm in one most important department of Literature; to satisfy a want felt, not only by the Student, by the man left to himself for an education, but also, by the intelligent of all classes of society. It will supply the great mass of the public, who are at present almost necessarily in the dark as to the past World and its doctrines, with a complete picture of all the great events relating to the World and to man, from the earliest dawn of history down to recent times, and we indulge the hope that it will satisfy the universal want of a good General History of the World. We have works entitled "Histories of the World," or "Universal Histories" it is true; but all of them (we mean those in a small form, and such as are within the reach of the generality of readers) are sadly deficient, ill selected, and worse arranged; they could not, according to the ideas of the author of this work, be considered strictly speaking GENERAL HISTORIES OF THE WORLD.

The author of this History is celebrated throughout Europe as a *scholar*, as a *statesman*, and as a *bold defender of liberty*, and this reputation will certainly be an excellent recommendation of his work to the American public. Although born in Germany, educated in its far famed halls of learning, and breathing a German atmosphere, he is not a German alone—he is a man whom the World may claim. He is no mystic, full of unintelligible, useless theories; but a man devoted to practicable objects, to the welfare of his race, and to pure Religion and Morality.

His History has been extensively circulated in Europe, in the *German, French, Dutch, Swedish, and Danish languages*; and is the most popular one, that has ever been published. For, although he may be ranked as the first historian of Europe, he has written, not for a particular class, but for people in general. In fine his History is equally fitted for the *student*, the *Merchant*, the *Farmer*, the *Mechanic*, and the *Professional* man.

☞ In order to give this valuable work a more extended circulation, and to bring its price within the means of every one, the publisher has determined to issue *this second edition* in twenty numbers at 25 cents each, payable on delivery. One number will be ready for delivery every two weeks: the first five will contain Ancient History; the second the History of the Middle Ages; the third will embrace the period from the discovery of America to the French Revolution; and the fourth five from the French Revolution to the present time. Each number will contain from 80 to 100 pages.

C. F. STOLLMEYER,
Philadelphia, No. 64 South Fourth street.

☞ Having made arrangements with the publisher of Rotteck's History, we can inform our respective subscribers and agents, as well as the public at large, that we will furnish the above valuable work at the publishers price. Orders will be thankfully received. (june 19 tf) G. R. GRAHAM & Co.

DAVID EVANS' Patent Water and Provision Coolers, Filterers, Fire Proof Iron Chests, Doors, and Hoisting Machines, manufactured and sold at No. 76 south Second street, south west corner of Carter's Alley, Philadelphia.

D. Evans still continues to manufacture his Patent Water and Provision Coolers, or Refrigerators, Filterers, &c. of which there are upward of 300 in successful operation. The price of Refrigerators varies from 8, 10, 12, 14, 16, 18, 20, 25, 30, 35 to 40 dollars. My Refrigerators are made without the use of wood, which in all cases, when used, causes provisions to smell and taste, when ice is used in them for culinary purposes. All persons purchasing Filterers, should see them tried with foul water before buying, as there are some Filterers made at low prices that will purify water for a short time, and then become foul. My Filterers in all cases are warranted to purify the water for the term of two years, and if used properly, may last from eight to ten years.

He also continues to manufacture his Patent Hoisting Machines, both double and single, of which there are now upward of 100 in operation in the cities of Philadelphia, New York, Baltimore, New Orleans, Mobile, &c. &c. and as an evidence of their superiority, he refers to those whom he has sold them for the fact that no accident has ever occurred in the use of them.

He likewise manufactures Fire Proof Iron Chests, (without using wood or plank of any kind,) for the safe keeping of books, papers, money, jewellery, silver plate, &c. lined with a composition calculated to resist the greatest degree of heat, with superior Locks and finished in the best manner.

Always on hand, Fire Proof Doors, Truck Wagons, Vault Grates, Stoves, &c. all manufactured of the best materials and most approved construction.

The public are respectfully invited to call and examine the above articles before purchasing elsewhere. ja 23-1y

FRESH Turnip Seeds, Crop 1841.—For sale by the subscribers, Fresh Turnip Seeds, of the following highly superior kinds, WARRANTED GENUINE.

White Flat Dutch, Red or Blue Top, White Flat or Globe, Early Garden Stone, Swan's Egg, Yellow Aberdeen, Yellow Stone, Long Yellow French, Large Yellow and Extra Purple Top Ruta Baga, English Norfolk, Yellow Maltese, Large White Green Top—*splendid for winter use*, and Dale's Hybrid Turnip. The above are all of the finest and most delicate flavored kinds.

Radish Seeds, in season—White and Yellow Turnip, fine for fall and Black and White Spanish, for fall and winter use; fresh Early Cabbages and Cauliflowers for spring plants; Sea Kale; Hardy Lettuce of sorts for winter and spring use; Cresses; Mustard; Corn Salad, &c. for fall and winter Salads.

New Spinach.—Riley's Bardock Spinage. Description:—"It resembles in appearance, the Savoy, with the exception of the size, which is several times larger, and the quality far superior. The leaf is perfectly smooth, and the whole plant is quite hardy, standing the severest winters without injury. The seed should be sown (from first to the end of September,) in drills one inch well manured and the plants thinned out to one foot apart. Each plant is full the size of half bushel if properly cultivated."

"It must be considered a great acquisition."—Hovey's Horticultural Magazine.

Pickle, Gherkin and Mangoe Seeds, in season for sowing; Choice Biennial and Perennial Flower Seeds, to bloom the ensuing spring and summer; the present is the best season for planting; boxes containing assortment—20 finest sorts, $1.

Canary and other Birds, fresh Bird Seeds, Bird Cages, Cuttle Fish Bone for Canaries. Agricultural and Floricultural Books, &c.

With the largest and most complete assortment warranted Vegetable, Garden, Field and Flower Seeds in the choicest kinds and purest quality to be found in Philadelphia.

Catalogues of the entire collection sent GRATIS on POST PAID application to HIRST.

Seed and Horticultural Warehouse, No. 97 south 3 street, east side, above Chesnut street, Philada. july 31-tf

SILVER PLATE, SPOON AND FORK MANUFACTORY, South West corner of Fifth and Cherry streets. The subscribers have constantly on hand, a handsome assortment of SILVER Plate, Spoons, Forks, and every article belonging to the silversmith business or manufactured to order in the neatest and best manner, or to match any pattern given, at the lowest manufactured prices.

Persons who wish to purchase, are requested to call at their manufactory, where they will find work not surpassed in this city, for neatness, taste and elegance of finish.

☞ A supply of the best Sheffield and Birmingham Plated Ware of their own importing kept constantly on hand and made expressly to their order.

nov 1 '39—tf R. & W. WILSON.

JOSEPH SWARTZ'S Carpet Manufactory, No. 318 North Third street, next door to the Commissioners Hall, Philadelphia. Where fashionable CARPETS are woven of different patterns, in the handsomest style. Also Ingrain and Venetian Carpets of different patterns for sale. He also keeps on hand a large assortment of ready made Carpets, which he will sell, wholesale and retail, at the most reasonable prices. These carpets can be recommended to all parts of the United States.

N. B.—*The advertiser has received a Silver Medal from the Franklin Institute, for Manufacturing Carpeting of superior quality.* oct 17-3x

STAMMERING CURED, AND INSTRUCTION GIVEN IN ELOCUTION.

DR. COMSTOCK'S Vocal Gymnasium is open from the first of September till the last of June: July and August being vacation months. All desirous of instruction, either for the cure of *Stammering, Lisping or Defective Articulation*, or for improvement in *Elocution*, may learn the conditions of ANDREW COMSTOCK, M. D. No. 100 Mulberry (Arch) street, Philadelphia.

☞ *Dr. Comstock's Remarks on Stammering*, certificates of cures, and the numerous recommendations which he has obtained of his System of *Vocal Gymnastics*, are appended to his Circular, which may be sent to any one who may wish to learn more upon the subject, or for information. Satisfactory references will be given to the principal cities throughout the Union. july 10-3m*

BOARDING at Deal, near Long Branch, N. J.—The subscriber having taken the house formerly occupied by Jacob Curtis, it will be opened the first of July for the accommodation of all those that will favor him with their custom. The pleasantness of this place needs no recommendation. For health and comfort it cannot be surpassed by any on the Sea Board. The subscriber hopes by strict attention to receive a share of public patronage. SCOTT HERBERT.

Deal, June 26, 1841. june 26-6t*

WM. W. FOUCHE, Dentist, No. 70 North Sixth street, below Race street, where all operations appertaining to *Dental Surgery* will be performed on the most modern and approved principles, and on terms perfectly satisfactory.

Fouche's Vegetable Tooth Powder, and Gum Restorative, for the cure of scurvy and removal of all extraneous substances from the teeth, price 25 cents a box. my 1-1y

WETHERILL & BROTHERS, Chemists and Colormen, manufacturers of White Lead, Lead Pipe, Window Glass, &c. Importers of Drugs, Dyes, Perfumery, Surgical Instruments, Apothecaries Furniture, &c. No. 65 North Front street, two doors below Arch, east side. ap 29-1y

THE OLIO.

Variety's the spice of life,
That gives it all its flavor.

Hobbledehoys.

BY BOZ.

"Not a man, nor a boy, but a hobbledehoy."—*Old song.*

If there is a time, a happy time,
When a boy is just half a man;
When ladies may kiss him without a crime,
And flirt with him like a fan;
When mammas with her daughters will leave him alone,
If he will only seem to fear them;
While, were he a man, or a little more grown,
They would never let him come near them.

Those, Lilly! those were the days when you
Were my boyhood's earliest flame—
When I thought it an honor to tie your shoe,
And trembled to hear your name;
When I scarcely ventured to take a kiss,
Though your lips seemed half to invite me;
But Lilly; I soon got over this,
When I kissed—and they did not bite me.

Oh! those were gladsome and fairy times,
And our hearts were then in the spring,
When I passed my nights in writing you rhymes,
And my days in hearing you sing.
And don't you remember your mother's dismay,
When she found in your drawer my sonnet;
And the beautiful verses I wrote one day,
On the ribbon that hung from your bonnet?

And the seat we made by the fountain's gush,
Where your task you went to say,
And how I lay under the holly bush
Till your governess went away;
And how when too long at your task you sat
Or whenever a kiss I wanted,
I'd bark like a dog, or mew like a cat,
Till she deem'd that the place was haunted!

And do you not, love, remember the days,
When I dressed you for the play;
When I pinned your kerchief, and laced your stays
In the neatest and tidiest way?
And do you forget the kiss you gave,
When I tore my hand with a pin,
And how you wondered the men would not shave
The beard from each horrible chin?

And do you remember the garden-wall
I climb'd up every night;
And the racket we made in the servants' hall,
When the wind had blown out the light—
When Sally got up in her petticoat,
And John came out in his shirt,
And I silenced her with a guinea note
And blinded him with a squirt?

And don't you remember the horrible bite
I got from the gardener's dog,
When John let her out of her kennel for spite,
And she seized me in crossing the bog?
And how you wept when you saw my blood,
And number'd me with Love's martyrs—
And how you helped me out of the mud,
By tying together your garters?

But, Lilly! now I am grown a man,
And those days are all gone by,
And Fortune may give you the best she can,
And the brightest destiny;
But I would give every hope and joy
That my spirit may taste again,
That I once more were that gladsome boy,
And that you were as young as then.

ANECDOTE OF THE REVOLUTION.—Colonel William Williams, a delegate in Congress from Connecticut, after having signed the Declaration of Independence, said to one of his companions, "If we are defeated in our struggles for Independence this day's work will make *bad work* for me. I have held a commission in the rebel army; I have written for the rebel newspapers; I am the son-in-law of a rebel Governor, and now I have affixed my name to this rebel Declaration. My sins are therefore too great to be pardoned by our royal master, and I then must be hanged." The other gentleman answered:—"I believe that my case is not so desperate, for I have had no connection with the army, nor can it be proved that heretofore I have written or done any thing obnoxious to the mother country." The immediate and prompt reply was,—"Then, *sir, you deserve to be hanged!*"

AFFECTING SCENE.—The most soul-stirring scene we have heard of lately, took place at Detroit. The passengers had all got aboard the boat, and it was about leaving the wharf, when an old gentleman came on board crying out "My son, my son, I must see him one moment." "Well," said the captain, "hunt him up quick." Anon, he came to a great overgrown boy, 18 or 19 years of age; and, giving him a single copper, snuffling like a child, he cried out, "Here, my son, take this, and don't forget your dadda!"

ICHABOD IN BOSTON.—"Well," says Ichabod, "I never drank any thing in the country, but your water is so confounded bad here in *Boston*, that I must *qualify* it a little."

"Right," says Jonathan, "but don't let the folks see you doing on't."

"Oh no! I looks after 'em pretty sharp the first part of the day; but they look darned sharp after me the rest of the time."

AN ELEGANT COMPLIMENT.—Mr. Henry Erskine being one day in London, in company with the Dutchess of Gordon, asked her, "Are we never again to enjoy the honor and pleasure of your grace's society at Edinburgh?" "Oh!" said she, "Edinburgh is a vile, dull place—I hate it." "Madam," replied the gallant barrister, "the Sun might as well say, here's a vile dark morning, I won't rise to-day."

LEGENDARY TALES.—In countries where education and learning abound, legendary and miraculous tales lose ground; exciting but little interest and less belief, and at last almost becoming a dead letter. Mankind in a state of ignorance, with little education, are credulous, and fond of the marvellous; and there have not been wanting in all ages, men of craft and invention to gratify that passion in others, and turn it to their own advantage.

JAYNE'S EXPECTORANT.—"Mr Member of Congress, can I sell you some of Jaynes' Expectorant?"

"No sir."

"Why not?—capital thing for public speakers sir."

"May be so—but we members all *expect-to-rant* ourselves."

JIM CROW'S LAST.—One of Jim Crow Rice's new verses, on the contemplated expedition from England, to rescue McLeod, is the following:

Dey talk of sending ten line of battle ships,
Which I rather 'spect they'll do,
But dey better send ten more of 'em,
To fetch dem coffins too.

A SHARP SCHOLAR.—"How many zones are there?" asked a schoolmaster not long since of a little urchin. "Three sir," was the prompt answer. "Torrid, Temperate and Frigid." "Right my boy, and what is the aspect of external nature in the Torrid zone?" "The trees are covered with *perpendicular* green all the year round," said Ichabod.

WITTY REPLY.—A lad passing through a crowd, carrying a very heavy basket of "roasting ears," accidentally jostled a person, who turned to him in anger, exclaiming,

"Boy, take care how you go; are you drunk?"—No, not *drunk, sir*," quickly replied the lad, "only considerably *corned!*"

HONEY OF THE RIGHT SORT.—The lady of a house not long since, roguishly asked a Connecticut honey pedlar what his sweet commodity was made of. The son of steady habits informed her that "twant made at all, but drawn from Connecticut gals lips!"

IT TAKES JONATHAN.—The Missourians are a little green. It seems they have prohibited the selling of wooden clocks, by the Yankees, in that State. So Jonathan "*leases*," his time pieces for ninety-nine years.

WELLERISMS.—"My dear, had't you better warm your dear little toes?" as the man said to his wife a week after marriage." "Keep your confounded huffs out of the fire," as he said six months afterwards.

A SLEEPY HAT.—"Isn't your hat sleepy?" inquired a little urchin of a man with a shocking bad one on. "No, why?" inquired the gentleman.—"Why, because it looks as if it was a long time since it had a *nap*."

A TRUISM.—When you see a young mad-cap after having a spree, trying to pawn his lady's miniature to get a dollar in cash, set him down for a promising young man.

TAILORS' FITS.—It is a curious fact, that while there are so many kinds of fits to which man is subject, tailors are visited with only one kind, and that is *pro-fits*.

ART OF LIFE.—The great art of life is to trust as little as possible to chance, but at the same time to allow every thing as much as possible to take its own course.

ELOQUENT INSCRIPTION.—Inscription on the brass neck collar of a hound:—"Bow! wow! wow! whose dog are you?" "I'm Percy Leggett's dog—whose dog are you?"

ADAM IN PARADISE.—"How long did Adam remain in Paradise before he sinned?" asked an amiable "cara sposa" to her loving husband. "Till he got a wife," answered the husband calmly.

ENOUGH SAID.—"She was always busy and always quiet," was written on the tomb-stone of a lady.

WAITING FOR A CALL.—"Well how did you like the sermon this afternoon?" "Gosh! I dun know," said Sam, "I haint heard uncle Quoke say yet."

BARBER'S SIGN.—Sign at a barber's window:—"Gentlemen's ear locks twisted; and lady's hare hurted here in the latest stile."

Dr. Quill's Story.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "HARRY LORREQUER."

And now, Charley, for Sparks. I believe I told you what kind of fellows the tenth were—regular out and outers; we hadn't three men in the regiment that were not from the south of Ireland; the *Bocca Corkana* on their lips, fun and devilment in their eyes, and more drollery and humbug in their hearts, than in all the messes in the service put together. No man had any chance among them if he wasn't a real droll one; every man wrote his own songs, and sang them too: it was no small promotion could tempt a fellow to exchange out of the corps. You may think, then, what a prize your friend Sparks proved to us; we held a court-martial upon him the week after he joined; it was proved in evidence that he had never said a good thing in his life, and had about as much notion of a joke as a Cherokee has of the Court of Chancery; and, as to singing, Lord bless you! he had a tune with wooden turns to it, it was most cruel to hear; and then the look of him: those eyes, like dropsical oysters, and the hair standing every way, like a field of insane flax, and the mouth, with a curl in it like the slit in the side of a fiddle. A pleasant fellow that for a mess, that always boasted the best looking chaps in the service.

"'What's to be done with him?' said the major; 'shall we tell him we are ordered to India, and terrify him about his liver?'

"'Or drill him into a hectic fever?'

"'Or drink him dry?'

"'Or get him into a fight, and wing him?'

"'Oh no,' said I, 'leave him to me; we'll laugh him out of the corps.'

"'Yes, we'll leave him to you, Maurice,' said the rest.

"And that day week you might read in the Gazette, 'Pierce Flynn O'Hagerty, to be ensign, tenth foot, *vice* Sparks exchanged.'"

"But how was it done, Maurice? You haven't told me that."

"Nothing easier. I affected great intimacy with Sparks; bemoaned our hard fate, mutually, in being attached to such a regiment, a damnable corps this—low, vulgar fellows—practical jokes: not the kind of thing one expects in the army. But, as for me, I've joined it partly from necessity. You, however, who might be in a crack regiment, I can't conceive your remaining in it."

"'But why did you join, doctor?' said he; 'what necessity could have induced you.'"

"'Ah! my friend,' said I, '*that* is the secret; *that* is the hidden grief that must lie buried in my own bosom.'

"I saw that his curiosity was excited, and took every means to increase it further. At length, as if yielding to a sudden impulse of friendship, and having sworn him to secrecy, I took him aside, and began thus:

"'I may trust you, Sparks, I feel I may, and when I tell you that my honor, my reputation, my whole fortune is at stake, you will judge of the importance of the trust.'

"The goggle eyes rolled fearfully, and his features exhibited the most craving anxiety to hear my story.

"'You wish to know why I left the fifty-sixth. Now I'll tell you, but mind; you've pledged, you're sworn, never to divulge it.'

"'Honor bright.'

"'There, that's enough; I'm satisfied. It was a slight infraction of the articles of war; a little breach of the rules and regulations of the service; a trifling misconception of the mess code; they caught me one evening leaving the mess with—what do you think in my pocket? but you'll never tell! No, no, I know you'll not; eight forks and a gravy spoon; silver forks every one of them; divil a lie in it.'

"There, now," said I, grasping his hand, "you have my secret; my fame and character are in your hands; for, you see, they made me quit the regiment; a man can't stay in a corps where he is laughed at."

"Covering my face with my handkerchief, as if to conceal my shame, I turned away and left Sparks to his meditations. That some evening we happened to have some strangers at mess, the bottle was passing freely round, and as usual, the good spirits of the party at the top of their bent, when suddenly, from the lower end of the table, a voice was heard demanding, in tones of the most pompous importance, permission to address the president upon a topic where the honor of the whole regiment was concerned.

"'I rise, gentlemen,' said Mr. Sparks, 'with feelings most painful, whatever may have been the laxity of habit and freedom of conversation habitual in this regiment, I never believed that so flagrant an instance as this morning came to my ears——'

"'Oh! murder,' said I; 'Oh, Sparks darling, sure you're not going to tell!'

"'Doctor Quill,' replied he in an austere tone, 'it is impossible for me to conceal it.'

"'Oh! Sparks dear, will you betray me?'

"I gave him here a look of the most imploring entreaty, to which he replied by one of unflinching sternness.

"'I have made up my mind, sir,' continued he; 'it is impossible that the officers of this corps may look more leniently than I do upon this transaction, but know it they shall.'

"'Out with it, Sparks—tell it by all means,' cried a number of voices, for it was clear to every one by this time, that he was involved in a hoax.

"Amid, therefore, a confused volley of entreaty on one side, and my reiterated prayers for his silence on the other, Sparks thus began:

"'Are you aware, gentlemen, why Dr. Quill left the fifty-sixth?'

"'No, no, no,' rang from all sides, 'let's have it.'

"'No, sir?' said he, turning toward me, 'concealment is impossible—an officer detected with the mess plate in his pocket'—

"They never let him finish, for a roar of laughter shook the table from one end to the other, while Sparks, horror struck at the lack of feeling and propriety that could make men treat such a matter with ridicule, glared around him on every side.

"'Oh! Maurice, Maurice,' cried the major, wiping his eyes, 'this is too bad—this is too bad.'

"'Gracious heaven!' screamed Sparks, 'can you laugh at it?'

"'Laugh at it,' re-echoed the paymaster. 'God grant I only don't burst a blood vessel;' and, once more, the sounds of merriment rang out anew, and lasted for several minutes.

"'Oh! Maurice Quill,' cried an old captain, 'you have been too heavy on the lad; why, Sparks, man, he's been humbugging you.'

Scarcely were the words spoken when he sprang from the room; the whole truth flashed at once upon his mind; in an instant he saw that he had exposed himself to the merciless ridicule of a mess table, and that all peace for him in that regiment at least was over.

"We got a glorious fellow in exchange for him; and Sparks descended into a cavalry regiment—I ask your pardon, Charley—where, as you are well aware, sharp wit and quick intellect are by no means indispensable. There now, don't be angry, or you'll do yourself harm; so good bye for an hour or two."

Mr. Free's Song.

AIR—"*Arrah, Catty, now can't you be aisy?*"

"Oh what stories I'll tell when my sodgerin's o'er,
And the gallant fourteenth is disbanded,
Not a drill nor parade will I hear of no more,
When safely in Ireland I'm landed.
With the blood that I spilt—the Frenchmen I kilt,
I'll drive the young girls half crazy;
And some 'cute one will cry, with the wink of her eye,
Mister Free, now—'*why can't ye be aisy?*'

"I'll tell how we routed the squadrons in fight,
And destroyed them all at 'Talavera,'
And then I'll just add, how we finished the night
In learning to dance the 'bolera;'
How by the moonshine, we drank raal wine,
And rose next day fresh as a daisy;
Then some one will cry, with a look mighty sly,
'Arrah, Mickey—*now can't you be aisy?*'

"I'll tell how the nights, with Sir Arthur we spent,
Around a big fire in the air too,
Or maybe enjoying ourselves in a tent,
Exactly like Donnybrook fair too;
How he'd call out to me—'pass the wine, Mr. Free,
For you're a man never is lazy!'
Then some one will cry, with the wink of her eye,
'Arrah, Mickey dear—*can't you be aisy?*'

"I'll tell, too, the long years in fighting we passed,
Till Mounseer asked Bony to lend him;
And Sir Arthur, grown tired of glory at last,
Begged of one Mickey Free to succeed him.
'But, acushla,' says I, 'the truth is I'm shy!
There's a lady in Ballymacrazy!
And I swore on the book—' he gave me a look,
And cried, Mickey—'*now can't you be aisy?*'"

Arkansas Musquitoes.

"Where did all that happen?" asked a cynical-looking Hoosier.

"Happen! happened in Arkansaw; where else could it have happened, but in the creation State—the finishing up country; a State where the *sile runs* in the centre of the 'arth, and government gives you a title to every inch of it. Then its airs, just breathe them, it will make you snort like a horse. It's a State without a fault, it is."

"Excepting the mosquitoes," cried the Hoosier.

"Well, stranger, excepting them, for it are a fact that they are rather enormous, and do push themselves in somewhat troublesome. But, stranger, they never stick twice in the same place, and give them a fair chance for a few months, and you will get as much above them as an alligator. They can't hurt my feelings, for they lay under the skin, and I never knew but one case of injury resulting from them, and that was a Yankee: and they take worse to foreigners anyhow, than they do to the natives. But the way they used that fellow; first they punched him until he swelled up and busted, then he sup-per-a-ted, as the doctor called it, until he was as raw as beef; then he took the ager, owing to the warm weather, and finally he took a steamboat and left the country. He was the only man that ever took mosquitoes to heart that I know of. But mosquitoes is natur, and I never find fault with her; if they ar large, Arkansaw is large, her varmints ar large, her rivers ar large, and a small mosquitoe would be of no more use in Arkansaw, than preaching would be in a canebrake."

This knock down argument in favor of mosquitoes used the Hoosier up.

I'll Call My Mother.

Charles Mackay is one of the few poets of the present day who can write a song. His "Wind of the Winter Night," "Some love to roam," so beautifully set and sung by Russell, have made him extensively known. The following *jeu d' esprit* from his pen is in the true [illegible]:

As I was sitting [illegible],
Under an oak tree's leafy cover,
Musing in pleasant solitude,
Who should come by but John my lover.
He pressed my hand and kissed my cheek,
Then, warmer growing, kissed the other,
While I exclaimed, and strove to shriek,
"*Be quiet, do! I'll call my mother!*"

He saw my anger was sincere,
And lovingly began to chide me;
Then wiping from my cheek the tear,
He sat him on the grass beside me;
He feign'd such pretty amourous woe,
Breath'd such sweet vows one after another,
I could but smile, while whispering low,
"*Be quiet, do! I'll call my mother!*"

He talked so long, and talked so well,
And swore he meant not to deceive me;
I felt more grief than I can tell,
When with a sigh he rose to leave me!
"Oh! John," said I, "and must thou go?
I love thee better than all other;
There is no need to hurry so,
'*I never meant to call my mother!*'"

Buckingham on America.

The following scathing review on Mr. J. Silk Buckingham's new work entitled "America, Historical, Statistic and Descriptive" we take from the Arcturus for August. It is as savage a specimen of reviewing as we have seen for some time. —*Eds. S. E. Post.*

If it should ever occur to the admirers of mediocrity to erect a temple, and set it apart for their own exclusive and especial use, we respectfully suggest to them, as a prime ornament and conspicuous object of regard in the same, an image in wood of Mr. J. Silk Buckingham, the traveller, after the manner of the idols represented by Mr. Catherwood from Central America. Mr. Buckingham is the very Genius of common-place; being deficient, like the respectable idols aforesaid, in eyes, nose and ears, to see, hear and apprehend the objects he contemplates; with a mouth, however, at all times sufficiently obvious, and a tongue—and here he has the advantage as well of his worshippers as of the solemn functionaries of Mr. Catherwood—that constantly wags to and fro, with a burthen of truisms and trivialities.

Mr. Buckingham is essentially a mere talker; of any intermediate process between the fluency of public speaking against time and the refined arts of composition, he seems to have no conception.

Why Mr. Buckingham has written these three volumes octavo, published in London, we cannot tell, nor can we state any reason why he should not write three hundred more just like them. The style of composition of Mr. Buckingham realises the idea of a perpetual motion; having in itself no discoverable principle of cessation, but ever running on, and on, and on—to the very crack of doom. It seems to be modelled somewhat on the large lottery wheel, with this difference, that the disconsolate reader gets nothing but blanks, put in his hand when he may.

Mr. Buckingham had exhausted the patience of the old world, and like an old distinguished monarch sighed for new worlds to conquer. After the fashion of all potent conquerors, from the days of Knickerbocker downward, he determined to commence his career by a public manifesto. He issued an address to the American people, which, for open vanity and ill-concealed insolence, has not been surpassed by the most impudent advertisement of quackery. He traced his course as a philanthropist through India and England; derived his profession of a lecturer from Socrates, Plato, Epicurus, through Marco Polo, Columbus, Camoens, Raleigh and Bruce, and summed up his own personal history in the persecutions and mode of life especially of Herodotus and Pythagoras. He declared himself engaged on a grand philanthropical tour, in which he was taking the United States by the way, to return by the Indian Archipelago and the Red Sea to London. The chief object of his visit was to lecture, and this it is believed he fully accomplished, exhausting every possible listener, wherever he went, from the lordly citizen who paid a dollar admission for the privilege, to the bourgeoise at fifty cents, and the gatherings of the suburbs at twenty-five. Incidentally he was to examine the resources, institutions, literature and manners of the country. The study of the resources of the country, as we have seen, he found profitable; the institutions are properly described, as Peter Parley would describe them for children; of the literature we shall show he learnt nothing; and the manners he found in some things better, in others worse, than those of England. The people in the street were mostly better dressed; but in the Attic city of Boston his son was in danger of martyrdom as he passed through the streets, from the mob who detected his English blood—and the case was very little better when the youth was attended with a man servant.

One of the departments of inquiry that Mr. Buckingham proposed for himself was, an examination of the literature. Notwithstanding the extraordinary opportunities of investigation set forth in the introductory chapter, the result, dilated and extended by our author, is a mere *caput mortuum*,—there is not even the show of a few popular names. We shrewdly suspect from this, as well as the innate evidence of the writer's style, that literature is not the forte of Mr. Buckingham. If we may judge an author by the company he keeps, the literary acquaintances of our lecturer are of congenial dullness. The gods have not made Mr. Buckingham poetical, nor has any scholarship introduced him to the good society of the muse. The verses occasionally quoted, (with the exception of a few poems by Pierpont in an Appendix), are essentially common-place. We have a few lines from "one of our English poets, Burroughs," that commences euphoniously:

Laws formed to harmonise contrarious creeds, &c.

and three stanzas that "breathe the spirit and feeling that seems to animate every American bosom," "by an American poet!"

Cradle of Independence, hail!
Within thy walls first breath'd the fire
Which, Heaven-directed, shall prevail,
Till Time's own power itself expire.

Mr. Buckingham rarely gives us an opportunity to judge of his acquaintanceship with the state of his own native literature, but he does Thomas Campbell, "our own poet," the honor to attribute to him the lines of Smollett,

Thy spirit, Independence, let me share,
Lord of the lion heart and eagle eye.

After these things, we are not surprised at the paucity of our author's ideas developed on the literature he came to examine. We are not surprised to see "Mr. Dewey, an Unitarian clergyman," called the Editor of the New York Review, or the "Common School Union" pronounced "a cheap little paper, of more value and importance to the formation of the public mind and public morals of the rising generation of the United States, than all the other newspapers, magazines and reviews put together." Entertaining this view of the matter, and finding suitable literary nutriment in the food for the infant mind, Mr. Buckingham was certainly right in subscribing, as he informs us, for two hundred copies.

Of anything like anecdote, the volumes are remarkably deficient. Mr. Buckingham represents the Americans as a serious people, with little disposition for mirth; but the fault is not in the meagreness of American wit and humor, but in the impenetrable dullness of Mr. Buckingham. Laughter was profusely poured out before him—but he saw nothing, heard nothing. A harmless jest in the newspapers is only a symptom of levity; such specimens of originality as met his view are oddities, and mentioned with compassion. He is shocked at the unfeeling remark of an obituary in the Boston Centinel, recording of Deacon Coolidge, aged eighty-five, that he had subscribed to the Centinel for half a century, had always paid his bill punctually, and deserved a crown of glory!

In all this there is a want of ability to penetrate the source of character. American editors, to the view of Mr. Buckingham and Mr. Cooper, are mere fools and rogues; the secret of their mirth and carelessness is not looked for in the actual circumstances of the country, judged by which it might be found to be genuine, but only thought of in comparison with a few journalists of the old world.—The American newspaper editor is a man of great sense and humor, and it requires some sympathy with both these qualities, possessed in a higher degree than Mr. Buckingham enjoys, to appreciate them.

There is a signal personal anecdote preserved by our author. It is of Mr. Webster, and, taken in connection with another popular anecdote of the same statesman, while it exhibits Mr. Buckingham's decency, affords an amusing parallel between the kitchen and the parlor. To leave a good impression of Mr. Webster, we will give our author's "little anecdote" first. Mr. B. accompanied the former to Newark, on a political excursion, and tells us that "Mr. Webster, though a handsome man, with fine large expressive eyes, beautiful teeth, and a commanding and intellectual countenance, has a remarkably brown complexion, so much so as a native of the south of Italy or Spain." After dinner, our narrator continues, Mr. Cushing, the representative from Massachusetts, "went into the kitchen to light his cigar, and returned with the following scrap of conversation from the servants: 'Well, Betsey, we colored people may begin to hold up our heads now, for they say that Mr. Webster is to be the next President, and surely he ought to be in our favor, for he's as dark as any of us, and is a colored man himself.'" This is the unsophisticated language of the kitchen. Miss Sedgwick, in her forthcoming travels, writing of the saloons of London, among other observations upon Webster mentions that of a painter, who exclaimed, "What a head! what eyes! what a mouth! and, my God! what coloring!"

Upon more important topics Mr. Buckingham seems equally deficient. In his researches into the economy of the New York bar, we shrewdly suspect him to have been accompanied by some facetious young member of the profession, not in the happy condition in which our author sets forth his brethren. The younger members of the profession, we are told, "readily make an income of three thousand dollars,—rising from this minimum to as much as ten thousand dollars! The smallest fee of a barrister of any standing and in almost any cause, is one hundred dollars! the greatest fee to the most distinguished barrister in any regular cause, tried in the city courts, is five thousand dollars!! but when a special cause of importance arises, as large a sum as twenty-five thousand dollars has been paid!!!" After this, we are told the judges are paid according to their *age*.—We have no desire to injure the profession by disabusing the English mind of the truth of these innocent statements; but as each member of Mr. Buckingham's sentences rolled on, increasing so rapidly in amount, we must remark, we could not but tremble for her veracity and future spiritual welfare.

Whether such statements throw any collateral evidence on Mr. Buckingham's oriental tales, as a lecturer, we leave to better judges than ourselves to determine. We have reluctantly noticed this book at all, for we have been more than once tempted to throw the page aside as we felt the thick deleterious atmosphere of dullness rising around us—but a sense of duty compelled us to proceed. We thought of Buckingham, bolstered in pulpits by men of clerical eminence and the distinguished public officials of the city, as he lectured to admiring audiences; of the gaping attention and breathless wonderment with which his eastern fables were listened to; of the public honors he received; and of his parting desire, expressed in the introductory to these volumes, to give publicity to nothing to weaken with the American people "our reciprocal regard, or render my name and memory less revered among them or their children than it has hitherto had the honor and good fortune to be." We, too, have our feelings in the matter, and earnestly beg Mr. Buckingham to withhold the three future threatened volumes. If he values at all the fruits of his assumption and plausibility, let him not hasten the rapid decline of his ephemeral notoriety—let him write no more.

The Gift of a Book.

"He gave a book, as a token of remembrance and they parted. She saw him not again—his living presence never more came up before her—but in that 'book' she enshrined the beautiful memories of his love and his affection. She cherished it, and in the grave the gift of love was buried with her."

She made it an idol—that simple book;—
It met her eye with a kind friend's look;
She bathed it in tears when weary and sad,
She sought its bright page if a moment glad;
Her cheek in slumber was on it press'd,
Or it rose to the swell of her dreaming breast,
Or it lay at her feet, on the border soft
Of the garden spring, where she sat so oft,
'Mid the blush of flowers and the water's play,
Dreaming her lonely hours away!

Long time by her casement she knelt at night,
With brow upturned to the fairy light;
On the idol book she reposed her head,
And her long dark tresses were o'er it shed—
It solaced a lonely and yearning heart—
It might not a moment her presence depart.

She passed away in her morning hour,
As dies from the forest a lone sweet flower;
And they laid her down to a dreamless rest,
The slight hands clasped on the cold hush'd breast,
The long jet hair in her coffin lay,
Shedding its wreaths around the marble clay;
And the Idol Book,—'twas beneath her head,—
It passed the grave, with the strange, sweet dead.

From the Ladies Repository.

The Ocean.

BY JOHN E. EDWARDS.

The moment in which I caught a first glimpse of the far-distant waves of old ocean, rolling in sublimity before me, can never be forgotten. Some hair-breadth escapes from the fang of a poisonous serpent, or the jaws of the voracious crocodile, might possibly be erased from the memory, by the obliterating, hand of time; but while the faintest trace of past events remains uneffaced upon the tablet of my memory, the moment just referred to, will be vividly remembered by me. Since that juncture, many a sorrow has visited my bosom—many a tedious day has rolled into eternity—many and varied have been the scenes that have passed before me; but still a recollection of that event is as clear to my mind as are the occurrences of yesterday; and as I look back to it, through the dim vista of by-gone days, emotions of a pleasing nature are excited in my bosom.

I had been cradled in one of the pleasant villages that skirts the blue hills of my native state; and when but a boy I had often sighed and wished to see the ocean. The thundering cataract, the deep, wild forest, the verdure-clad plains, the long sweeping valley, the reverberating echoes of the maddened thunder as it leaped among the mountain crags, the lightning scathed rock, blackened and broken—all these things familiar to my juvenile mind; but I turned away from the contemplation of scenery that would have enchanted the eye of an artist, and sighed in disquietude, because my remoteness from the ocean had denied me the privilege of strolling upon its wave-lashed shore, and listening to the music of its eternal song.

Time rolled on, and the wish so long and anxiously desired, was at last realized; and, for the moment, it seemed that my every wish was gratified. All that I had read in the poets, and other fine descriptive writers, about the wide expanse of waters, at once rushed upon my mind, and especially that celebrated apostrophe of a well known poet, to the ocean, in which he says,

"Roll on, thou deep and dark blue ocean, roll!"

Yes, that was the idea that first occurred to my mind—"roll on—roll on;" and the thought was carried out in the language of a justly praised American poet—

"And *there* it rolls! Age after age has swept
Down down the eternal cataract of time;
Men after men on earth's cold bosom slept,
Still *there it rolls*, unfading and sublime."
PRENTICE.

Since that time I have frequently rambled upon the shell-paved strand, at the close of day, when the sun-set streamed along the west, and felt that

"There is a rapture on the lonely shore—
There is society where none intrudes—
By the deep sea—and music in its roar."

At such an hour, while the sun has yet lingered upon the golden verge of the horizon, pointing a parting smile upon the white clouds of canvass that moved like spectres along the bosom of the deep, I have stood and gazed out upon the rolling ocean, with a rapture that is indescribable. From the point of vision the winding shore stretched away to the right and left, as far as the aching eye could follow its sinuous course; while the ever-dashing surf, like successive wreaths of snow, rolled upon the sandy beach, and foamed, and sparkled in the last rays of the setting sun. * * * * * *

But the sun has often gone down, and left me still upon the restless waters; the winds have retired to their caves, the curlew has ceased to scream along the blast, and a stillness has come over "the deep, deep sea." Night has approached as softly and silently as the snow-flake falls upon the bosom of the rolling stream. The white winged bark that seemed to linger for awhile upon the farthest verge of vision, has been gradually concealed from the view, as the sky and ocean seemed to mingle and blend beautifully together, like the lights and shades in a well executed painting. "The sea, the open sea," has been spread out before me, when nought has been heard upon the evening breeze, save the solemn roar of the surf, or the startling shriek of the sea-bird, as it flapped its dripping pinion in lonely solitude over the briny deep.

Nothing is more impressive than to stand alone at nightfall upon the silent shore and commune with the ocean-buried—to stand and think of the millions upon millions of our race who have been plunged beneath the wave, and found their last resting place in the caverns of the deep—to call to mind the unnumbered thousands who have gone down to their coral beds amidst the howlings of the storm, and the shrieks of despair—to muse on the bright eyes, the beautiful forms, and golden ringlets that lie forgotten in the sea! O, what melancholy reflections are awakened in the mind at the recollection of the fate of the *Home*, the mournful destiny of the Pulaski, and the more recent loss of the steam-ship President! How many of the lost had thoughts of home and friends—the nearest friends—to come over the mind, just as the wave charged with their destiny swept them into eternity. But I forbear. * * * * *

Sometimes I have seen the ocean lashed by the raging tempest, until its lofty foam-capt billows seemed to brush the clouds, and when the mountain surges, beating violently upon the shore, have been "dashed into feathery clouds of foam," white as the driven snow. Again, I have seen it when its wild tempest music was hushed, its billows lulled to repose, and when scarce a ripple broke upon the sand. In this quiet state there may possibly have been a gentle swell—something like the heavings of an infant's bosom, when sweetly slumbering. Then its polished surface, like a boundless mirror, reflected distinctly and minutely the vessel that stood motionless upon its bosom. Indeed, the azure vault of heaven, the solitary bird on the wing, and every object above the waters, were as clearly seen in the waveless deep, as above its surface.

But the ocean appears most beautiful when seen on a soft moonlight night. Let the evening be calm, and the sky unclouded; and let the moon, "regent of the silent night," ride at her full noon, and shed a fleecy robe of light upon the trembling sea, curled up into playful ripples by the light and gentle breezes that just kiss its surface, and let there be indistinctly seen in the distance a light skiff, cutting its liquid way, and faintly heard the regular dash of oars, accompanied by the boatman's wild song, flung upon the passing breeze, and you have a scene that might enchant a Roscoe, a Byron, or a Lamartine.

The ocean was made by the mighty God. His hand formed its caverns, and girt it around with barriers of sand; and it was he who said to its thoughtless billows, "Hitherto shalt thou come, and no further."

But 'tis midnight; and

The ocean's wave is gleaming now,
With streams of phosphorescent light,
While round the gallant vessel's prow,
That splits the wave in stilly night,
The waters dash in feathery foam,
And whisper round the sailor's home.
* * * * *
The stars that deck the midnight sky,
And shed their light upon the wave,
Are like the sleepless eyes on high,
That watch with care the Christian's grave;
Those eyes shall keep their watch on high,
While star-fires burn along the sky.

From the Democratic Review, for August.

The Boy and his Angel.

BY MRS. C. M. SAWYER.

"Oh, mother, I've been with an angel to-day!
I was out, alone, in the forest at play,
Chasing after the butterflies, watching the bees,
And hearing the woodpecker tapping the trees;
So I played, and I played, till, so weary I grew,
I sat down to rest in the shade of a yew,
While the birds sang so sweetly high up on its top,
I held my breath, mother, for fear they would stop!
Thus a long while I sat, looking up to the sky,
And watching the clouds that went hurrying by,
When I heard a voice calling just over my head,
That sounded as if, 'come, oh brother!' it said;
And there, right up over the top of the tree,
Oh mother, an angel was beck'ning to me!

"And 'brother!' once more, 'come, oh brother!' he cried,
And flew on light pinions close down by my side!
And, mother, oh, never was being so bright,
As the one which then beamed on my wondering sight!
His face was so fair as the delicate shell,
His hair down his shoulders in fair ringlets fell,
With eyes resting on me, so melting with love,
Were as soft and as mild as the eyes of a dove!
And somehow, dear mother, I felt not afraid,
As his hand on my brow he caressingly laid,
And whispered so softly and gently to me,
'Come, brother, the angels are waiting for thee!'

"And then on my forehead he tenderly pressed
Such kisses—oh, mother, they thrilled through my breast,
As swiftly as lightning leaps down from on high,
When the chariot of God rolls along the black sky!
While his breath, floating round me, was soft as the breeze
That played in my tresses, and rustled the trees;
At last on my head a deep blessing he poured,
Then plumed his bright pinions and upward he soared!
And up, up he went, through the blue sky, so far,
He seemed to float there like a glittering star,
Yet still my eyes followed his radiant flight,
Till, lost in the azure, he passed from my sight!
Then, oh, how I feared, as I caught the last gleam
Of his vanishing form, it was only a dream!
When soft voices whispered once more from the tree,
'Come, brother, the angels are waiting for thee!'"

Oh, pale grew that mother, and heavy her heart,
For she knew her fair boy from this world must depart!
That his bright locks must fade in the dust of the tomb,
Ere the autumn winds withered the summer's rich bloom!
Oh, how his young footsteps she watched, day by day,
As his delicate form wasted slowly away,
Till the soft light of heaven seemed shed o'er his face,
And he crept up to die in her loving embrace!
"Oh clasp me, dear mother, close, close to your breast,
On that gentle pillow again let me rest!
Let me once more gaze up to that dear, loving eye,
And then, oh, methinks, I can willingly die!
Now kiss me, dear mother! oh, quickly! for see
The bright, blessed angels are waiting for me!"

Oh, wild was the anguish that swept through her breast,
As the long, frantic kiss on his pale lips she pressed!
And felt the vain search of his soft, pleading eye,
As it strove to meet hers ere the fair boy could die.
"I see you not, mother, for darkness and night,
Are hiding your dear, loving face from my sight—
But I hear your low sobbings—dear mother, good-bye!
The angels are ready to bear me on high!
I will wait for you there—but oh, tarry not long,
Lest grief at your absence should sadden my song!"
He ceased, and his hands meekly clasped on his breast,
While his sweet face sank down on its pillow of rest,
Then, closing his eyes, now all rayless and dim,
Went up with the angels that waited for him!

Cold.

Some persons are more susceptible of cold than others. This difference is dependent on a constitutional defect in the power of generating animal heat. Captain Ross remarked, during his late expedition, that the power of resisting a low temperature was very different among the members of his crew. It was always easy, he observes, after a little practice, to predict who would suffer from degrees of cold which others would despise. He attributes this to the variable power of the calorific function in different individuals. Admitting the physiological correctness of this view, we can easily believe that one person might sink and perish much more rapidly than another at the same temperature, and that a degree of cold that might prove fatal to one, others would bear with impunity.

Animals inhabiting the arctic regions possess a more elevated temperature than those of the more genial climes, and on this account are able to withstand the intense cold to which they are exposed. During Captain Parry's second voyage, he carefully examined the temperature of a number of animals immediately after death. He found that the arctic fox and white hare had to maintain a degree of heat 100° higher than the atmosphere in which they lived during the whole of the winter.

Every thing that strongly excites the mind, and concentrates the attention or passions toward any particular object, renders the body, to a certain extent, insensible to the influence of cold. The lover braves the rigor of a freezing night with impunity, in order to enjoy a sight of the idol of his affections. The fashionable lady, desirous of pleasing, exposes herself, thinly attired, to intense cold, without being conscious of any unpleasant sensations. The hunter forgets every thing in the enjoyment of the chase; we see him exposed to the freezing north-east wind in the depths of the coldest winter, plunging into icy marshes, traversing the valley cold and wet, penetrating the woods, without complaining of the temperature.

Cold, which at 9° or 12° is to an Englishman sharp and rigorous, would be to a Dane or Russian very moderate. At St. Petersburgh they consider the temperature ordinary and agreeable as long as the thermometer marks but two, nine, or thirteen below zero. Habit, to a certain extent, modifies the sensibility. The inhabitants of hot climates, transported to the north, become gradually acclimated, and vice versa. Infants in the north play on the snow and ice; they are accustomed at all times to pass from one temperature to another. Men and women expose themselves frequently day and night, with breasts and arms uncovered, in a cold of 2, 13, or 26 degrees below 0°, without being sensible of the cold. The Russian, elated as well by his Spartan education as rigid climate, travels both night and day in the most intense cold, without suffering any ill effects, and the peasant is often seen wrapt up in his pelisse sleeping calmly on the snow. The Norwegian works half naked in a freezing atmosphere.

Food in Cold Climates.

The mortality among the old, infirm, infants and children, is very great during the cold winter seasons. It has been affirmed that more than one half of the deaths, and two thirds of the diseases, that occur among the children of the poor, are more or less caused by exposure to a low temperature. How few there are who have a just conception of the intense sufferings of the poor during the inclement season of the year! In this "wilderness of brick and mortar," how many are doomed to perish from the want of means to protect them from the morbid effects of cold! Independently of their insufficient clothing and want of fuel, the poor are peculiarly rendered susceptible of the action of cold, in consequence of their being deprived of proper nourishment. The man who lives well and fares sumptuously every day, can bear for a long period with impunity the influence of severe cold, because animal heat is generated in large quantities; but the poor man has a threefold to contend with, viz. want of clothing, fire and food.

Many facts combine to show us the utility of animal diet in protecting us from the agency of cold. In countries near the poles, nature has provided such articles of food as are best calculated to nourish, stimulate and impart vitality to the frame, and thus enable it to bear up against the rigor of the seasons and injurious influence of the climate. Dr. Aiken states that the Russians, who winter in Nova Zembla, imitate the Samoiedes, and eat raw flesh and drink the blood of the reindeer, in order to preserve their health in these arctic regions. The Greenlander devours, with apparent relish, the raw flesh of the whale, or the half-frozen and putrid flesh of seals, and drinks the blood of these latter animals, or regales himself on dry fish and whale oil.

In cold climates the appetite is vigorous, and animal food is indispensable; in hot climates, and during the summer in temperate regions, the desire for food is not so urgent, and a light vegetable diet is preferred.

Warm-blooded animals are continually eating; birds, whose temperature is the highest, are doing so incessantly, if they can obtain food. Cold-blooded animals eat little, or seldom.

Cathedral at Strasburg.

The cathedral is one of the finest in the world. Often as I had seen engravings and read descriptions of it, it far surpassed my expectations. It is impossible to imagine anything more graceful than the steeple, which is as high as the great pyramid of Egypt. The name of the architect who drew the plan of the cathedral was Irvin, of Steinbach. He did not live to complete what he had projected. It is said that his son worked at it, and that his daughter sculptured the fine figures which adorn the principal entrance. The interior is very fine, and made a much more solemn impression on me than that of Notre Dame, although one would suppose that the contrast between the quiet of the latter building and the perpetual bustle and noise of Paris would be very striking. The organ and the ornaments of this cathedral are exceedingly rich. The pulpit is exquisitely beautiful; it is adorned with several small figures carved in white stone, representing our Saviour, the Virgin Mary, the apostles, and some of the saints. The windows of stained glass are remarkably fine, both as to the colors and the designs; and shed that tranquil and mellowed light throughout the edifice, which, although a Protestant, seems to me, I confess, very appropriate in a place of worship.

Poetry of the Age.

If we may judge of the poetical cultivation of the last few years by the best occasional verses that appear in the literary journals, and higher periodicals, the standard of the day in poetry is high and honorable. If we look for the signs of poetry to great poets, we may ask for them in vain. There is now no Byron, or Scott, in his different way, or Wordsworth, (who does not belong to the present generation), or Coleridge, or Shelley, or Keats.—There is no one name around which centres the popular admiration; no idol of the people to gather the suffrages of all, and in the name of fashion send the winged leaves of the press into the saloon of the wealthy, even the counting-room of the merchant, and unite the sympathy of the poor artizan in the crowd. Such tributes were rendered to Scott and Byron, and like all generous gifts, the popularity and favor given to the authors personally, flowed back upon the giver. An enthusiasm for literature, a belief in the thoughts of men of genius, were silently engrafted on the public mind. After these authors had written, the people were not the same they were before. The enthusiasm for intellect they had shared in, changed the whole character. It is not too much to say, looking back upon the period, that men afterwards were less selfish, had wider sympathies; that they began to pursue with greater interest purity and elevation of thought.

Much of the pratical good that has been effected within the present century, may directly be traced to the popularity of a few great writers. Their influence was on the side of intellect and intelligence; their sayings became watchwords of refinement along the world; the test of conversation. Not to have read Sir Walter Scott, was to be out of the pale of society. After making all allowances for fashion and imitation, it must be admitted a new idea had been interwoven with the thoughts of the age: an idea opposed to sensualism and dull commonplace living—the idea of literary merit—the introduction upon the stage of a new hero for the popular gaze, the "hero as man of letters."

The Reformer.

The character of a Reformer, in the present state of civilization, cannot, with prudent thinkers, be expected to meet with much favor. In the first place, it implies a presumptuous confidence, and an overweening assumption, that naturally excite opposition, since they seem to court it. Beside this, it displays some ignorance, certainly, in a great deficiency of reverence, so slight the endeavors and actual experiments commenced, and in some instances consummated, by the wise counsellors of a past age. The aims of the reformer are too often wild and unsatisfactory. He employs little discrimination in his schemes of ameliorating the world. He would undo all that has been done; the good as well as the bad. He seems to consider the whole body politic as corrupt, rather than that certain portions of it are diseased. He looks on all present ills as pervading every part of it—as chronic disorders, instead of being merely local, and in many instances temporary, affections. Such is, too often, the picture of a modern reformer.

The true reformer, like Time, which Bacon represents as the greatest of innovators, is more cautious in bringing in new measures; before he concludes a plan, he first considers the cost. There are, doubtless, many evils in the world—much suffering—genuine wretchedness, not always brought on by folly or crime. There is ungenerous oppression, and virtual tyranny, and hardness of heart in the rich and powerful, and selfishness in the easy and luxurious. Still, evil is to be conquered by good, not by new evils.

The true government is that which teaches us to govern ourselves, and allows full scope for independent, but intelligent action. Reformers are apt to talk of government as if the people did not create the state, but rather the state the people.

Homer.

Who is ignorant of the variety of coloring and the profusion of thought, which Homer throws into his descriptions of nature! On his poems, as on the buckler of Achilles, are engraved in immortal lines all the beauties of heaven, earth and sea. If they fall into his story naturally, he enchases them there; but the fertility of his genius demands a freer outlet; hence he strews along his path those numerous comparisons, those little finished pictures, whose accuracy, variety and fitness create a thousand scenes of interest and beauty. I cannot but regret that our classic imitators and professors of poetry have so much disfigured these *chefs d'œuvres*; the comparisons of Homer, translated, revised, worn-out, spoiled, prostituted, have become almost a by-word. But if, by a free effort of the soul, we can once forget these plagiarisms; if we can suppose ourselves to contemplate these images in their fresh and limpid sources; if we can catch the inspiration,—all natural and new,—of these charming landscapes; do we not experience, in thus surrendering ourselves to this poem, the genuine feeling of the reality, the actual presence of the objects described! We imagine ourselves in these wooded valleys, surrounded by these vast mountains, before this promontory, among these roaring waves and these plains enriched by the streams which traverse them, in the midst of these scenes of adventure,—the life of the mariner, the soldier, the hunter and the husbandman,—in the very bosom of a nascent civilization, unconstrained but inventive, discordant but desirous of harmony, commerce and the arts. These descriptions are always in their place, an accessory, an ornament arranged with economy as well as munificence on a beautiful Ionic temple; indeed we have a complete descriptive poem embroidered into the tissue of the epic, adorning but never surcharging it.

A Philadelphia Quaker.

The chequer board plan of Philadelphia, and the uniformity of its buildings, are sins in taste, for which, in our humble opinion, William Penn and his followers would receive utter condemnation by any jury of architects. But if Quaker heads are not all cast in the same mould as Michael Angelo's, their hearts are generally developed to the greatest amplitude of Christian charity. This remark might be fully illustrated by pointing to certain hospitals, asylums and like institutions; but it is our present purpose merely to prove its applicability in a particular case. A certain "Friend" whom we very well know, was recently at a distant place of summer resort. He stepped into the Post office one morning, and while there, the Postmaster asked him whether he knew any English people staying at the hotel.—"Why does thee ask?" said the Quaker. "Because," said the Postmaster, "here are half a dozen letters directed to England by the next steamer, and as the postage to Boston is not paid I cannot send them. If I cannot find the writers of them, they will be forwarded to the dead letter office in Washington." Our "friend looked at the letters. They were all double and he remarked—"they appear to be family letters, and no doubt will be most welcome if received, or may cause great anxiety if they should not be." "I cannot help it," said the Postmaster. "Well, I can if thee cannot; what is the postage?" "For six double letters three dollars." "Well here is the money thee will please mark the letters 'paid,' and send them to Boston." And with this injunction, the Philadelphia Quaker left the Post office—his pockets not quite so heavy as when he entered, but his heart, we are sure, a great deal lighter.

Mirabeau's Eulogy on Franklin.

On the morning after the intelligence of Franklin's death reached Paris, when the Assembly was convened, Mirabeau rose and spoke as follows:

"Franklin is dead! The genius that freed America, and poured a flood of light over Europe has returned to the bosom of that Divinity. The sage whom two worlds claim as their own, the man for whom the history of science and the history of empires contend with each other, held, without doubt, a high rank in the human race. Too long have political cabinets taken formal note of the death of those who were great only in the funeral panegyrics. Too long has the etiquette of courts prescribed hypocritical mourning! Nations should wear mourning only for their benefactors. The representatives of nations should recommend to their homage none but the heroes of humanity. The Congress has ordained throughout the United States a mourning of one month for the death of Franklin; and at this moment, America is paying this tribute of veneration and gratitude to one of the fathers of her Constitution. Antiquity would have raised altars to this mighty genius, who to the advantage of mankind, compassing in his mind the heavens and the earth, was able to restrain alike thunderbolts and tyrants. Europe, enlightened and free, owes at least a token of remembrance and regret to one of the greatest men who have ever been engaged in the service of philosophy and liberty. I propose that it be decreed that the National Assembly, during three days, shall wear mourning for Benjamin Franklin."

There have not been many French orators who could have thrown out such sentiments as these with such concentrated energy of expression.

Propriety Essential to Eminence.

When a man, particularly one who is self educated, begins to rise above his fellows, he instantly becomes a mark for their missiles. The already superior dread him as a competitor, the low as a superior, and they make common cause for his destruction. But this, if he be of the right moral stuff, will rather help than hurt him. If he be truly superior the roughening process to which the strife subjected him, endows him with the most beneficial hardihood; and he continues to ascend until he ceases to be within the control of either. As soon as they discover that their missiles no longer reach their object, they gather them up and make of them a monument to his honor, equally emulous in worship of the genius which they had failed to victimize. So far he is safe; but then he is required to be doubly circumspect, and his shield must be one of the most crystalline propriety. While he struggled up the ascent, they would probably have preferred to see him weak or vicious. But, once upon the eminence, his adamant must be of more perfect proof than ever. His former fame is now his foe, and the exactions of his station are more dangerous than all the missiles of his ancient enemies. Let him falter in his place; let him but touch the earth for a moment, and show his stains, and the clamor and the assault are always more formidable from the superior station of the victim. We see spots on the sun and moon, which we would never regard on a house-wall or a hillock.

Ladies Department.

Elevation of the Sex.

——Her house
Was ordered well;—her children taught the way
Of life—who, rising up in honor, called
Her blest. Best pleased to be admired at home,
And hear, reflected from her husband's praise,
Her own, she sought no gaze of foreign eye;
His praise alone, and faithful love, and trust
Reposed, was happiness enough for her.

The hope of human improvement is the great incentive to piety and good works. In the earnest wish to further this improvement, the philosopher studies, the moralist teaches, the philanthropist labors, the missionary goes forth to heathen lands, and the patriot devotes himself to his country. And deeper still in the soul of society is the light of this hope shed, for its beams are the warmest and purest that cheer domestic life, and give power as well as beauty to the station of woman. It is in the brightness of this hope, shed like spring sunshine on the unfolding blossoms, that each mother sees the future lot of her young children. These are to become blessings to the world—to do more and better than their parents have done—to deserve and to gain a higher, nobler station in life. It was this blessed hope which almost consoled Eve for the loss of Paradise, while she bent over the slumbers of her first born; and though she was, in this instance, most cruelly disappointed, yet still we see the same fond, warm feeling gush, like a fountain of sweet waters in the desert, over her stricken heart, when another son was given "in the place of Abel, whom Cain slew."

It is not consonant with the order of Divine Providence, as we see it displayed in all the works of the great Creator, that such aspirations, so universal in the minds of human being, should be given in vain. We must believe, if we would not question both His justice and goodness, that God has designed this progressive advancement of the world, and implanted its hope in the heart of mankind, as the beacon light to a happier era which, in his own good time, will be perfected. Then persuasion and faith, not brute force, will have dominion, and the superior moral excellence of the female mind will be recognized as an important element in the improvement, as well as happiness of society. Already is this recognition made, and in some degree, acted on. Within the last fifteen or twenty years, more has been written upon the necessity and advantages of female education, than is to be found in all the literature of the preceding ages, since the world began. And what a change, too, in the tone and style of man's writing on this subject. Instead of the mocking ridicule, or bitter satire, on every effort of female genius, every attempt to inspire the sex, generally, with the hope of some higher attainments in learning, and a more respectable station in social life than merely that of household drudge or pretty trifler, we now find in almost every new publication, whatever may be its design or character, the education and influence of woman on the destiny of the world considered as important subjects.

Now, therefore, is the time to impress on the hearts of the youthful females of our favored age and country, the necessity of great exertions on their part, to meet the expectations of improvement which are every where rife in the public mind. The increased facilities of acquiring knowledge will soon make it little distinction for a woman to be learned; the question will be, does she do any good with her learning? Does her superior intelligence make her more capable of understanding her duties, more faithful in discharging them? Is she a pleasanter companion for her husband—a better instructress for her children—a more competent manager of her household? If learning is of real benefit to woman, it will, it must be shown in domestic life. The issue is to be tried at home. The formation of those early habits which are the true basis of the moral character of men, as well as women, are the province of our sex; and if the mother is true to her trust, and *qualified to discharge it*, the world must improve.

The destiny of the human race is thus dependent on the condition and conduct of woman. And now, when her condition is so greatly improved, her standard of conduct must be proportionally elevated. We do not mean by this, that she is to emulate man, or strive to do his work. She has a wide, a noble sphere of her own; the whole world of domestic, and social, and moral enjoyments and duties, is open to her. In education, literature, religion, she is the companion, in truth, often the mentor, of the stronger sex. Yet Nature and Providence have assigned her the quiet and retirement of private life, while discharging her important trusts, a station she should consider a privilege, as it assimilates her more to the nature of those "ministering spirits" whose missions of love and mercy are only known on earth, by the sweet flowers of innocence and happiness, peace and piety, which spring up and blossom wherever they keep watch over the children of men.—*Lady's Book.*

True Beauty.

The temporary importance which the advantages of appearing richly arrayed gives to the vain, and even to the vicious, is one of the most unfortunate consequences which attend the increase of wealth and the cultivation of taste in our republic. It is unfortunate, because it prevents many of both sexes, who have respectable talents and amiable dispositions, and who, were there no easier way to rise in the estimation of the world, would endeavor to improve in knowledge and goodness, from using mental or moral exertion. When a few "outward adornments" may be substituted for intelligence and virtue, or, at least, give a passport to "fashionable society," those who lack strength or decision of mind are usually found following the path to fame which seems least laborious.

"It is the mind that makes the body rich," says the poet. The frailty of mere personal charms has been the sentiment of so many songs and the moral of so many sermons that, probably, few would attempt to dispute the axiom. It requires more reasoning to convince those who have not made the human heart and its changes the subject of much reflection, that the most perfect external beauty of the "human form divine" will soon lose its power to please, unless its empire be maintained by intellectual gifts and moral graces. What excellent service the writer would render to society who would impress this truth as with the point of a diamond, on the mind of every young female!

"When I first attended balls," said a young gentleman, "I selected my partners by the eye only; but I soon found that a very beautiful girl might be very dull and insipid as a companion. Now, I choose those whom I know or fancy can charm by their conversation as well as their appearance."

Probably few of our readers would fully subscribe to the opinion of Solomon that "beauty is vain," yet every intelligent and cultivated mind feels that neither symmetry of form, harmony of features nor "tincture of the skin" constitutes the beautiful. In the moral as in the natural world, the loveliest charms, those which longest hold their sway over the feelings, are found in the familiar things that constantly surround our path of life. The kind smile, the welcome greeting, the thoughtful care that has provided for the comfort of the beloved one, these are beauties of domestic cultivation, which make home the family paradise. The woman who devotes herself to cultivating these perennial flowers, need never fear the want of ornaments to make her beloved. And are not the loved—those who really deserve to be loved—the lovely?—Spencer thus answers—

"Every spirit as it is more pure,
And hath in it the more of heavenly light,
So it the fairer body doth procure
To habit in, and it more fairly dight
With cheerful grace and amiable sight.
For of the soul the body form doth take;
For soul is form and doth the body make."

That is, when we feel the worth of an individual, there is always to us a beauty, a pleasantness in his or her personal appearance. Is it not so?

Absurdities of Human Life.

To salute your most intimate friend when he is walking with any great man.

To pronounce those the most pious who never absent themselves from church.

To praise a women's complexion before you have washed her face, or her figure before you have taken off her gown.

To think for yourself, and declare your opinions in every society you frequent.

To tell a confirmed beauty that she looks much better than she did the last season.

To praise a daughter just come out, in the presence of her handsome mother of five and thirty.

To occupy the attention of a large company by the recital of an occurrence interesting to yourselves alone.

To expect that your friends will remember you after you have thought proper to forget them.

To call for bed-chamber candles at twelve o'clock, and remark to your friend on a visit that you forgot to ask him if he ever took supper.

Not to wear a coat when your joints are aching with the rheumatism, lest you should be thought delicate.

Desaix.

There is a small and lovely island in the centre of the Rhine, which belongs to France, and is connected by a bridge with the citadel of Strasburgh. On this island, shaded by willows, stands a monument erected to the memory of Desaix, one of the noblest characters who figured in the French revolution. He was born in 1768, of a noble family. He entered the army as sub-lieutenant, 1784. Attached to the army of the Rhine under Moreau, he defended the bridge of Kehl, November, 1796. The following year he accompanied Napoleon to Egypt, and did not return to France until the treaty of El Arish. He fell at the battle of Marengo (June, 1800) on the very day on which Kleber was assassinated at Cairo.

"He was freedom's champion; one of those,
The few in number, who had not o'erstept
The charter to chastise which she bestows
On such as wield her weapons. He had kept
The whiteness of his soul, and thus men o'er him wept."

NEW SPECIES OF FOREIGNERS.—A candidate for Congress down South, in order to secure the votes of all naturalized citizens, says he "will go in for all *foreigners born in the United States*."

Farmers Department.

Chemical, or Prepared Manure.

It is sometimes asked, and that too, in a way indicating a belief that the question cannot be satisfactorily answered, what are the advantages that science has conferred on Agriculture? more than intimating that knowledge, so essential to all other pursuits, is of no value to the farmer. It is a sufficient reply to all this, to simply point to the articles named at the head of this paper; chemical or prepared manures. For the present we shall confine ourselves to a single class, those derived from urine and night soil, or of which these furnish the most important part.

It may be said that the use of night soil has been known from the earliest ages as a manure. This is true, but its use has always been limited, owing to prejudices arising from its disagreeable nature, and its offensive color. The celebrated Swedish chemist, Berzelius, was among the first to call the attention of moderns to these substances by his analysis of them, which gave the following results:

NIGHT SOIL 100 PARTS.

Water,	73.3
Vegetable matter and animal remains,	7.0
Bile,	0.9
Albumen,	0.9
Peculiar and extractive matter,	2.7
Salts,	1.2
Insoluble residuum,	14.7

URINE, 1000 PARTS.

Water,	933.00
Urea,	30.10
Sulphate of potash,	3.71
Sulphate of soda,	3.16
Phosphate of soda,	2.94
Muriate of soda, (common salt,)	4.45
Phosphate of ammonia,	1.65
Muriate of ammonia,	1.50
Acetate of ammonia, } Animal matters, }	17.14
Earthy phosphates and Fluate of lime,	1.00
Silica and mucus,	0.35

The intelligent farmer will see at a glance that the matters enumerated in these tables constitute most efficient fertilizers, and in spite of their repulsive nature, the Flemish farmers have long been in the habit of mixing these stercoraceous matters with water, which applied with much labor to their fields, gave a fertility unknown the rest of Europe. Some 28 years since, Davy suggested to his countrymen, the English, that night soil was a very powerful manure, liable to decompose, soluble in water, and in whatever state it is used, furnishes abundant food for plants. He found, by experiment, that quick lime destroyed the disagreeable smell, and ascertained that it might be dried, pulverized, and delivered by drills at the time of sowing the seed. The manufacture from night soil of the valuable manure, called *poudrette*, belongs to the French.—Nearly 40 years since, a chemist, Mr. Bridet, obtained a patent for his *poudre vegetative*, manufactured from the cess-pools of Paris; and such was his success that similar manufactories were erected all over the country, particularly in the vicinity of the large cities, so that what was once a nuisance, is now deemed of the greatest value.

In 1814, the French Royal Society of Agriculture granted a gold medal to Madame Vibert Dubois, who obtained a patent for 15 years for her "Alkaline Vegetative Powder." Her plan consisted in fermenting the most liquid parts of these matters, and mixing them with slaked lime afterwards, so as to form a powder much superior and more durable in its effects to common poudrette.

In 1818, the first manufacture of 'Urate,' properly so called, was commenced near Paris, by the chemists Donat & Co. and the product was submitted to the examination and test of a committee of chemists and agriculturists, in which were included some of the ablest men of France. This committee reported that they had found the preparation so powerful on the dullest soils, that they recommended it should only be employed by skilful and discriminating farmers. On good soils, or in large quantities, it gave such a growth of straw as to be fatal to the maturity of the grain. The whole matter collected from the cess-pools of Paris, is now converted into poudrette and urate, and is used by the farmers and gardeners principally within a circuit of 30 miles around Paris.

A new preparation called '*engrais animalise*,' or disinfected night soil has recently been entered upon at Paris, and a large manufactory has also been established at White Chapel, near London. It is made by mixing the night soil with a considerable quantity of finely pulverized charcoal, and then drying the mass at a very gentle heat. Thus prepared, it resembles the friable mould, rich and dark, of an old hot bed, and is totally devoid of smell. The English farmers, if we may judge from their reports and journals, are highly pleased with this manure, particularly as a dressing for turneps, giving them a quick growth at the start, which is of great importance with this root. There is another preparation called "Owen's Animalized Carbon," principally brought into England from the Baltic, one ton of which is considered equal to 25 bushels of crushed bones, while the cost is but little more than half as much. It probably differs little from the engrais annualize, except that it contains more carbon, and, of course, is a less powerful manure.

There is a chemical preparation called "Seed Manure," prepared by Messrs. Hodgson & Simpson of Wakefield, England, the composition of which is a secret, but the base of it is, doubtless, urate, mixed with a portion of the saccharine matter, ammonia, salt, and nitre. Their directions are as follows, and by following them Mr. Milburn and others have experienced the best effects on their crops:

"Dissolve 28 lbs. of this manure in a pail by adding water in small quantities, stirring it at the same time, until the mixture is of the consistence of cream; it is then poured over the seed intended to be sown on an acre of land, and the whole repeatedly turned over, so that it appears one uniform mixture; the seed is then to be spread out thin, on the floor to dry, for ten or twelve hours, and mixed with a sufficient quantity of soot or any kind of ashes, to render it sufficiently friable or dry to be sown by the hand or by the drill."

Prof. Johnston in his valuable papers on manure, has the following remarks on these chemical preparations of night soil, particularly the carbonized class, which, when properly made, he seems to consider preferable to any other of its mixtures.

"The preparation of the Messrs. Potterin of the *engrais animalise* at London, is the same as that of M. Payen at Paris. It combines, and successfully too, the great object of driving off the water of night soil by a gentle heat, after all its gaseous matters have been absorbed, by mixing it with a portion of newly prepared carbon, in the finest possible state of division, than which, no known substance has such great powers of absorbtion of all gaseous matters like those which abound in, and impart the disagreeable odor of night soil. The presence of the carbon in the manure thus prepared is valuable in two ways, it gradually combines with the oxygen of the atmosphere, forming in the state of carbonic gas, the food of plants; and at the same time all the gaseous matters of putrefaction, with which it is saturated, are thus preserved, stored up, as it were, for the use of the roots of the cultivator's crops: nothing is lost, the emission of the gasses from the slowly dissolving charcoal, being so gradual, as to be almost, if not entirely, imperceptibly to the senses."

The justly famous preparation, called as above, "Urate," may be very successfully imitated by the common farmer who will take the pains to provide a reservoir or cistern for the preservation of urine, with which, when wanted for distribution with his seed, he must mix gypsum or plaster till the urine is absorbed, and the mass sufficiently dry to sow with the drill or by the hand. This is one of the most powerful preparations on dry or sandy soils that can well be imagined, and is one of which every farmer may avail himself to a greater or less degree.

There are at the present time, two manufactories of *poudrette* and *urate* in the vicinity of New York; and there is most abundant proof that it constitutes here as elsewhere the most valuable class of manures. That such manufactories will become common in the neighborhood of our principal cities and towns, where alone the materials are to be found, as the value of such manures, both for their efficiency and portability, are better understood, we have no doubt. Their use is rapidly converting the vicinity of the principal European cities into a garden, and the use of these materials which once constituted the greatest nuisance and were most productive of diseases, into manures, will not have a better effect on the soil, than on the health of those congregated masses of human beings.—*Albany Cultivator.*

Self-Reliance.

If our young men miscarry in their first enterprises, they lose all heart. If the young merchant fails, men say he is *ruined*. If the finest genius studies at one of our colleges, and is not installed in an office in one year afterward in the city or suburbs of Boston or New York, it seems to his friends and to himself that he is right in being disheartened and in complaining the rest of his life. A sturdy lad from New Hampshire or Vermont, who in turn tries all the professions, who *teams it, farms it, peddles*, keeps a school, preaches, edits a newspaper, goes to Congress, buys a township, and so forth, in successive years, and always, like a cat, falls on his feet, is worth a hundred of these city dolls. He walks abreast with his days, and feels no shame in not "studying a profession," for he does not postpone his life, but live already. He has not one chance, but a hundred chances. Let a stoic arise who shall reveal the resources of men, and tell men they are not leaning willows, but can and must detach themselves; that with the exercise of self-trust, new powers shall appear; that a man is the word made flesh, born to shed healing to the nations, that he should be ashamed of our compassion, and that the moment he acts from himself, tossing the laws, the books, idolatries and customs out of the window—pity him no more but thank and revere him—and that teacher shall restore the life of man to splendor, and make his name dear to all History.—*Emerson.*

STUMP SPEECH.—Fellow citizens, I *are* a candidate for *those* United States—I defy *ary* man to say I ever told a lie—*ary* man, beneath the moon, or on top of the moon, or beyond the moon, to say that I ever told a lie!"